"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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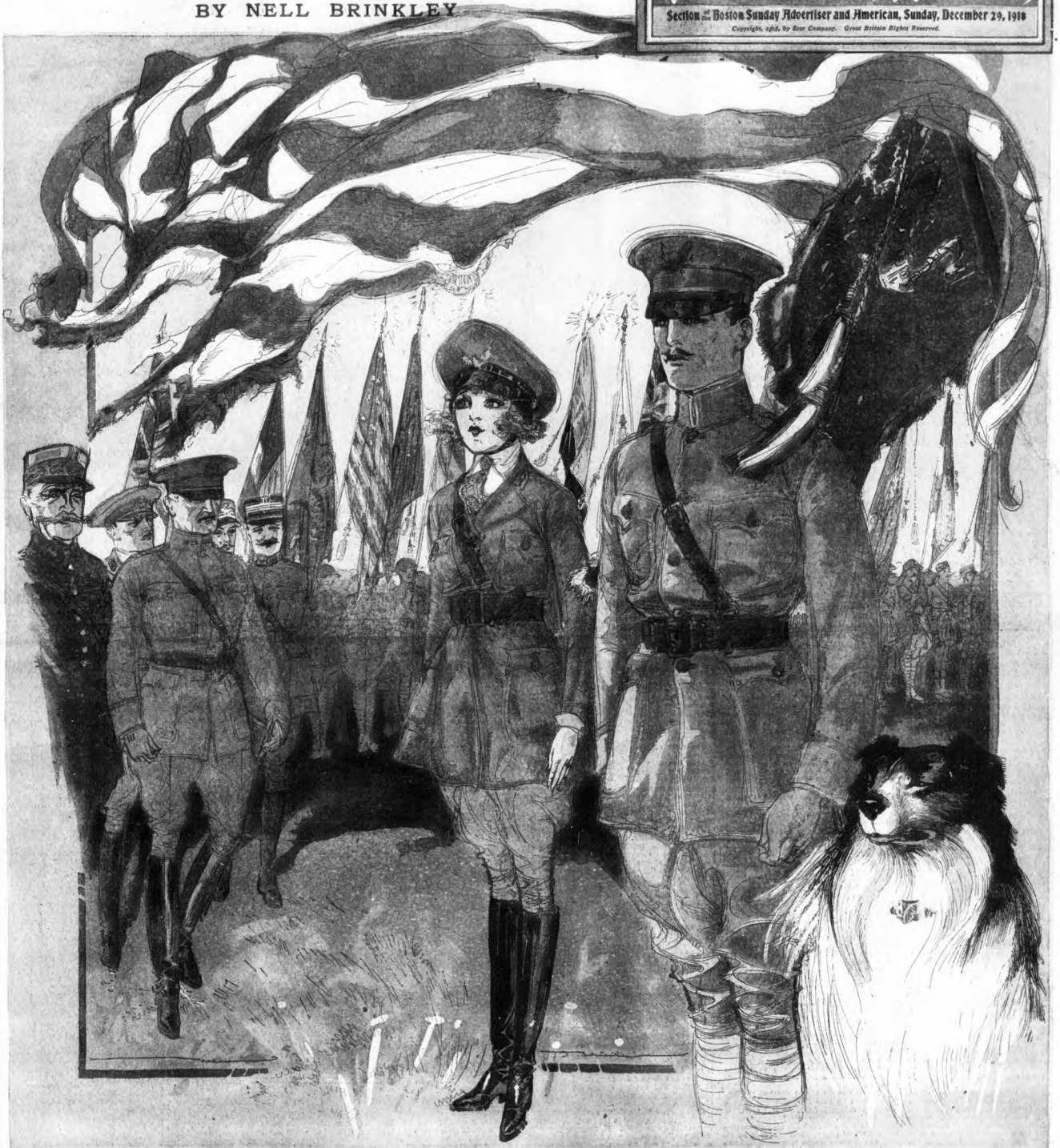


Number ELEVEN

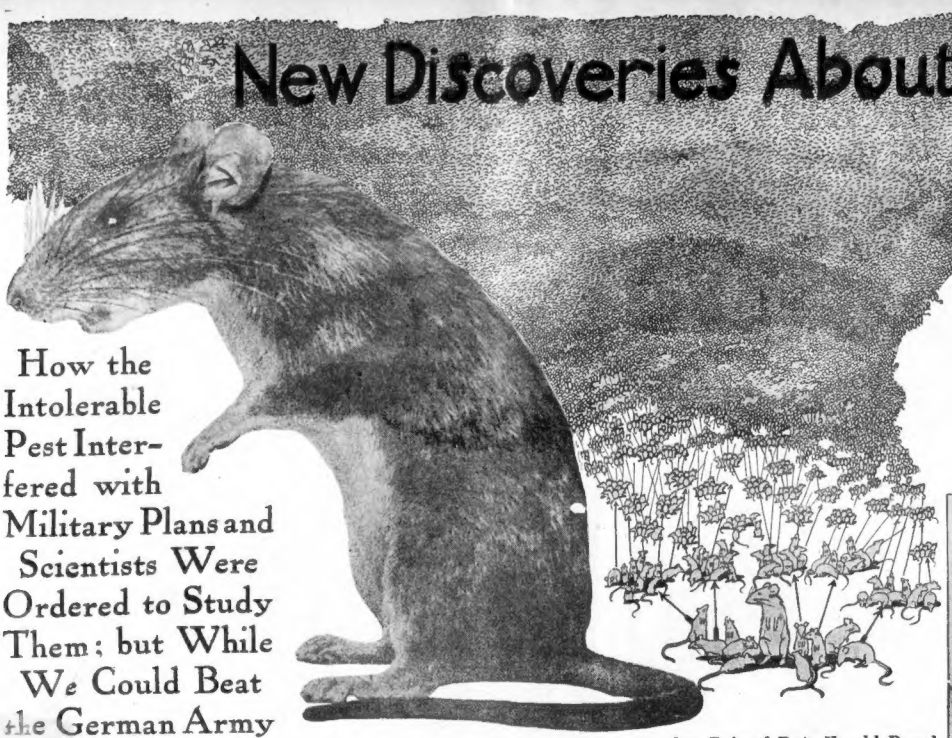
CAME a glorious day, with upstanding Bill, with the intent, sober, pitying gray eyes where a soul finer than the one he left home with looked out; gay collie dog Uncle Sam, with the banner-like tail and the unreadable brown eyes, and Golden-Eyes, the sweetheart of the two of them, with something besides the butterfly gold in her eyes to make them wonderful—came an ensorcered day when these three stood in a wide green plain—and could scarcely ever after remember what happened to them! Only—the heartrendingly beautiful hordes of the Allies, blue and, scarlet, green, battle-tan, swept by, and stood some places in silent lines, the thrilling fanfare of the silvery trumpets of the French opened the poignantly sweet, terrible, beautiful "Somme et Meuse," the strains of "Dixie" and the swelling music of "The Star Spangled Banner" beat against the very heavens in a clamor of wonderful sound, with the gorgeous, compelling "Britannia Rules" rolling from drum and brass like the black smoke of the Allies' triumphant guns "giving a tongue"; and, spiked in gold, tasseled, vari-colored, a-rustle with Romance, the long lines of regimental Flags bloomed against the skyline like bright flame-flowers.

Golden-Eyes tried not to look "eyes right." Bill, with more severe training, kept his straight before him. Uncle Sam half shut his with dignity and calm—but under the three Yankee breasts of them their hearts knocked furiously!

When it was all over and they fell back into line with the other "brave," on Golden-Eyes' and Bill's breasts gleamed and glimmered a decoration apiece; in their eyes tears glittered, and their cheeks burned hotly with the pride of a kiss from a brave and gallant Frenchman sealed there. On Uncle Sam's army collar shimmered a silver plate with the color's of Bill's regiment, and a little story engraved there, telling modestly of his great deeds!

New Discoveries About Rats

How the Intolerable Pest Interfered with Military Plans and Scientists Were Ordered to Study Them; but While We Could Beat the German Army We Could Not Conquer the Army of Rats



A French Army Ratcatcher Coming Back from a Trench

One Pair of Rats Would Breed 359,709,482 Descendants in Three Years, According to Prof. Bicknell's Computations, if All Survived. Prof. Langdon's Study of the Rat, However, Disagrees with This Estimate.

The Guillotine Style of Trap Recommended by the United States Government

An Army Ratcatcher Working in a Trench with Flashlight

AMONG other things which the war has forced upon the attention of science has been a very careful study of rats. We tolerate the rat in times of peace; but in the great war our generals found that the rat is a greater enemy than many armed divisions of hostile troops. And science now knows many things about rats which we've never known before.

The rat has constituted one of the most important and difficult of our minor problems during the great war. It has added seriously to military expenses; it has notably modified much construction work in France and in this country, augmenting its cost; and it has vied with the "cootie" as a cause of discomfort and carrier of disease among the fighting men at the front.

With a view to mitigating its depredations the United States Government sent some time ago to France an expert of the Biological Survey, Major E. A. Goldman, who made a thorough study of the subject over there. His main task up to now has been to devise means of protection for warehouses and other structures used for the storage of supplies. Professor Chavigny, the distinguished French scientist, has also made an intensive study of the pests.

As everybody knows, such structures have been erected and are at present maintained on an enormous scale. The imagination of any one who has not seen them can hardly grasp their magnitude. Located in or near towns and at railway junctions, so as to be convenient for transportation, they require a capacity adequate for the storage of every kind of supplies used by millions of men.

Rats will destroy anything, nothing that is not of metal being safe against their attack; but, as might go without saying, food and clothing have chiefly demanded protection against them. Despite all precautions, they have eaten or rendered worthless many million dollars' worth of uniforms, shoes and precious edibles.

And they added enormously to the horrors of life in the trenches. Everywhere the pest has added to the annoyances and burdens of our armies.

The rat is a burrowing animal. Its original and natural home is a hole in the ground. In trenches and dugouts, therefore, it is thoroughly ches lui (as the French would say), finding its surroundings altogether suitable and satisfactory; whereas with man, the situation is quite opposite. Under such conditions, therefore, it has the soldier at a great disadvantage.

It lives in a hole in the trench wall or wherever a burrow may conveniently be dug, hiding in the daytime and coming out at night to prowl for provender. There are usually plenty of scraps of food—leftovers from the soldiers' rations—for it to feed on. If really hungry, it will nibble their toes while they are asleep. It feeds on the dead and wounded lying helpless in "No Man's Land."

The rat since prehistoric times has been a companion and parasite of man. In the trenches it achieves close intimacy, becoming extraordinarily fearless and impudent. Meanwhile, grown fat and saucy, with an ample food supply, it breeds and multiplies at a fabulous rate.

Our fighting men "over there" could beat the Germans, but they never had half a chance with the rats, which were in a literal sense too many for them. A trench system is just about the only piece of human construction that cannot be made ratproof. Major Goldman looked over the situation and gave it up as a bad job.

What could be done and has been scientifically undertaken was the protection of stored supplies. These, of all kinds, were originally collected and assembled by the quartermaster's department at railway junction centres (Chicago, for example, being the principal one for meat products) in ratproofed warehouses. Thence they were transferred to ratproofed freight sheds and loaded aboard ratproofed cars.

Every car, before being allowed to start, was inspected, to make sure that there were no rats in it. Then it was sealed with a lead seal bearing the Government mark, and a label was tacked on the door, reading:

"Inspected and passed. Certified rat-free, provided that this seal remains unbroken."

Suppose the rail shipment to be destined for New York. We may as well use the present tense, for the methods described are those now employed. Let us say that it is a consignment of breadstuffs. On arrival it is dumped on a ratproofed wharf, and, further to insure its safety, the barrels and boxes are placed inside of a huge cage of heavy wire net with mesh small enough to exclude even a mouse.

Next day, perhaps, they are loaded aboard a ship bound for Europe. Ships are notoriously favorite breeding places for rats. But this cargo vessel offers no hospitality to them. It has been freshly fumigated with a deadly gas, carbon monoxide being forced into it (with all hatches and other openings closed) by a little steamer that comes alongside with special apparatus and a big rubber tube.

If one pair of rats were left alive on board, that ship would soon swarm with the vermin, for of all mammals these rodents are most prolific. A lady rat is ready to breed when four months old, and at that age and thereafter she produces from six to ten litters a year, with an average of ten to a litter. At the six litter rate a pair breeding uninterruptedly and without deaths, would at the end of three years have 359,709,482 descendants, according to Prof. Bicknell's computations, if all survived. Prof. Langdon's study of the subject, however, disagrees with this estimate.

But there can be no question of leaving one pair alive, for, after the poison gas treatment no creature that breathes on board the ship can possibly survive. And before she starts on her next voyage across the ocean she gets another dose of the same. Rats may get aboard on the other side, but their chance to remain alive more than a few days or to propagate is small.

When the cargo vessel reaches the European port its load is discharged upon a concrete, ratproof dock, built by American engineers. The stuff is presently loaded into American-built railway cars—ratproofed, of course—and proceeds on its way to the place where it is wanted. The station platform on which it is finally delivered is of concrete, and there is, perhaps, a wire cage to receive it—at all events, ratproof arrangements of one kind or another, probably including ratproof warehouses, are nearby.

These anti-rat arrangements are among the American ideas that have most astonished the natives of European countries, especially in France. From their point of view they represent an entirely novel conception. In truth, they are very novel, and the lessons they teach are those which we ourselves have learned rather recently as a result of experience in the ratproofing of cities—particularly San Francisco and New Orleans—as a defense against invasion by plague.

Plague — the "black death" of the middle ages—is the worst of several rat-born diseases that afflict mankind. Incidental to work done by the Public Health Service in San Francisco and New Orleans, it was found necessary not only to protect all foodstuffs and other stored products by the ratproofing of buildings, wharves, etc., but also to prevent the distribution of plague-infected rats by guarding freight cars and ships against invasion by the vermin.

The work of Major Goldman in France has chiefly consisted (apart from expert ratproofing recommendations) in trapping and poisoning rats that threaten the safety of stored foods and other supplies delivered abroad for the use of the American army. It is a business demanding no small amount of ingenuity, for the rat (reckoned the worst and most destructive enemy mankind has on earth) is an exceedingly clever and resourceful animal.

So well-developed is its intellect that Professor F. Chavigny, the French scientist, and some other scientists of note have declared that rats must possess means of communicating information to one another—this idea being suggested by the fact that any particular means of trapping or otherwise destroying them is liable soon to become ineffective.

The experts of our own Biological Survey, however, are not sure of this. They say that the rat's suspicion of poisons and avoidance of traps are attributable merely to a highly-educated cunning. When proper methods are adopted the creatures may be destroyed on a wholesale scale without much difficulty. It is just a matter of proper bait, suitable traps well camouflaged, and wisely-used poisons—strychnine being best when not dangerous to human beings or domestic animals.

Packing houses of modern construction have no trouble with rats. Properly ratproofed warehouses are free from the pest. It is not even necessary to kill the beasts. All that has to be done is to deprive them of shelter and cut off their food supply. Under such circumstances they quickly disappear.

Rats always and quickly multiply up to the limit of the available food supply. That represents their limit. If they had, and could continue to have, all the food they wanted, they would in a short time literally run mankind off the earth. But deprived of food, and robbed of shelter, they soon vanish. Here, in a word, lies the solution of the whole rat problem. It is the idea fundamental in ratproofing.

The ratproofing of New Orleans (supplemented by systematic trapping) left hardly a rat alive in the city. A curious temporary result was a considerable multiplication of mice. This was because the greatest enemy of the mouse is the rat, which finds its smaller congener an easy and palatable prey. An odd discovery, is it not?

The big brown rat (often the size of a small cat) appears to have originated somewhere in Asia. It arrived first in this country not long before the Revolution. This is the rat of the trenches and warehouses—the all-conquering rat that has almost driven out our earlier and smaller black rat, making itself in a sense the master of the world.

If it be not master, at all events one must admit that mankind has not been able hitherto to maintain satisfactorily a fight against it. Everywhere, here and abroad, it has steadily spread and become more numerous. In our cities (according to the Biological Survey) there is one rat for every person. In rural districts the proportion is three or four to one.

It is authoritatively estimated that in the United States the labor of 200,000 men is continuously occupied all the year round in producing food for rats—this corresponding to the rate of destruction of food products occasioned by those vermin.

There exists between rat and man a rivalry as to which shall enjoy the fruits of the bountiful earth. Man sows, and, to a large extent, the rat reaps. Which shall win? It is a contest between brains and cunning. We claim to be wise, but the rat has a wisdom of its own, which, for practical purposes, seems to surpass that of any other animal. So far the rat has been able to match his brains with the best brains of mankind.

The tail of a rat is prehensile, like that of a monkey. It is in effect a third hand. By its help the rodent is able to crawl along a narrow ledge or other difficult passage, using it for balancing and to gain a hold. It is even employed as a spring, by which the animal can leap to heights which otherwise wou[illegible]inaccessible.

Professor Chavigny [illegible] his report on his study of rats, says:

"Soon after trench warfare began the trenches were invaded by immense numbers of rats, which caused great damage and almost intolerable annoyance at night. Various measures, such as the use of poisons, infective virus, traps, terriers, etc., were taken to destroy the rats, but with very poor success; and it is shown that this was due to a lack of knowledge of the natural history of the animals concerned.

"As ordinary brown and black rats will not breed in captivity, most of our knowledge as to their rate of reproduction is derived from observations on the albino variety, which breeds readily in captivity. The period of gestation is twenty-one days, and the minimum time between two litters from the same female is sixty-two days. She may have as many as five litters in a year. A litter consists of about ten. A female at the age of two and a half to three months is capable of producing a litter. The young are very efficiently tended, so that scarcely any die.

"Reproduction ceases during cold weather, and rats can not reproduce themselves at all in cold climates. In temperate climates reproduction is at a standstill during the Winter. The most important factor limiting reproduction is, however, the supply of nutriment. A female receiving only sufficient food to keep her in good condition does not reproduce at all, whereas with superabundance of food reproduction proceeds at its maximum rate."

In view of these facts, one is more easily able to understand why man's battle with the rat has been so little successful up to now. The animal has until recently got the better of us very decidedly. But in this warfare science has at last taken the field, and we are beginning for the first time to know how we can defeat the rodent enemy.

Nothing could be more simple. In the main, it is merely a question of cutting off the rat's food supply. The tightly covered garbage can (now required in most of our cities) is a not-unimportant means. Remnants of food in households must not be left about. As some wise person has said, "He who sows food scraps will reap a rat harvest."

Any dwelling house or other building can be made ratproof at small expense by concreting the basement and area walls and screening or otherwise stopping every hole through which a rat might enter. The animals are thus deprived of harborage. Even though there be rats on the premises, the household supplies may always be kept safe from them in ratproof containers covered with wire net.

But there is no excuse for rats in the house. It is so easy to get rid, and to keep rid, of them. Don't offer them food; don't furnish them with hiding places. If hungry they will eat poisoned bait or may be trapped; but in either case the bait should be high-flavored (such as toasted cheese or bits of fried bacon), and should be of a kind different from any provender they can obtain in the neighborhood. The best traps are of the "guillotine" pattern, with a wire fall released by a baited trigger.

The ratproofing of a city is hardly more than an expression of the method adopted for the protection of a house. It necessarily embraces the treatment of sewers, which afford admirable runways for the rodent pests, with supplies of waste to furnish provender. The sewers of Paris have always been famous for their hordes of rats, which in the days of the siege of that city by the Germans, in 1871, proved actually useful, furnishing the poor with a meat supply.

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Said Andrew Carnegie—

(48 Years Ago, When He Was Poor and Unknown)

"Ros Miller, if ever I have a daughter she'll learn something worth while about raising babies, cooking, sweeping and making beds---she'll be no dressed-up doll!"

"And if ever I have a boy, Andy, he'll learn to work with his hands, just like us," said Roswell Miller.

"Yes, and I hope, Ros, they'll marry each other"----

AND SURE ENOUGH THAT IS JUST WHAT HAPPENED!

BACK in 1870, Andrew Carnegie, then poor and unknown but ambitious, sat on a pile of steel rails somewhere in Pittsburgh. Beside him was Roswell Miller, seven years the present Steel King's junior, equally ambitious, just as unknown, somewhat poorer, and very far away, indeed, from the railroad presidency and the wealth and honors that were his when he passed away.

Carnegie was then thirty. The two had known each other during their shirt-sleeve days in the coal and iron region of Pennsylvania and they had met frequently during the Civil War in which Carnegie served as the Superintendent of Military Railways and Government Telegraph Lines, while Miller had fought as a lieutenant in the 3rd New York Artillery. The war over, the latter had become employed in railway construction and Carnegie was making his first steps in one of the Pittsburgh mills that made the rails for the road by which Miller was employed.

The two had gone out to inspect a shipment and both being at the time plain, frugal, saving young men, and Pittsburgh at that time boasting none of the lobster palaces of its later years, they shared their lunch from an ordinary basket. As they sat talking a gaily dressed, silken furbelowed young lady passed close by them.

Carnegie looked her over speculatively.

"Ros Miller, if ever I have a daughter she'll learn something worth while about raising babies, cooking, sweeping and making beds—she'll be no dressed up doll!" he said.

"And if ever I have a boy, Andy, he'll learn to work with his hands just like us," said Roswell Miller.

"Yes, and I hope they'll marry each other, Ros!"

And were enough that is just what happened!

Until the war broke out Carnegie's wages had only sufficed for his barest needs. Even now he was making little more than thirty dollars a week. He had, however, put away a little money and his thrifty Scotch soul was appalled at the extravagance of the reconstruction period during which many fortunes were made and when these riches, like champagne, went to the heads of many who were not used to them. Carnegie contrasted these wives and daughters and mothers with his own mother, who had been forced to do the hardest form of manual labor until he had grown old enough to help her.

Hence the remarks to Miller, which were often quoted by the late railroad magnate to friends, were delivered with intense earnestness indeed.

Little did either of these enthusiasts on fatherhood foresee what lay ahead. The day came when Miller rose to high places in the railroad world and Carnegie attained such wealth as he had never dreamed of. When the railroad president and steel king met it was not the making of better babies they discussed, but the making of better prices for steel rails. In the meantime Miller married and had two children—a son, Roswell, junior, and a daughter Dorothy. In January, 1913, he died suddenly, leaving considerably less than a million dollars to his wife. His son was in college, and his daughter was in a fashionable finishing school—and neither his son nor daughter had been trained along the lines he once favored.

Andrew Carnegie remained unmarried until he was fifty-two years of age. It is generally believed that he stayed single on his mother's account; at all events, he did not marry until her death. During the first twelve years of their married life no children came to the Carnegies. This was a great sorrow to the steel king, for he not only wanted a large family, but he hated to have his wonderfully worked out theories go to waste.

Then, just as he was in the depths of despair, the miracle happened and a little girl was born. This child, Margaret, alas, was destined to be the beginning and the end of the much wanted large family, which perhaps was unfortunate for the child, for she got all the training and education that had been planned to be spread over a dozen.

During her babyhood every little garment she wore had been made by her mother, and even her bassinette was the work of her mother's hands. Until she was five years old she led somewhat the same life that any normal child leads. She played with dolls, chattered in French, studied her first primer and learned how to weave bright colored papers into mats and things.

On her fifth birthday, however, a great change was made in her little care-free existence. Shortly before Margaret's birth, Carnegie had purchased Skibo Castle, in Scotland, and when the baby was born a marvelous modern nursery was installed in a great sunny wing, the windows of which overlooked the deer park and one of the loveliest gardens in Great Britain.

There was a day nursery, a playroom, a night nursery, several white tiled bathrooms and rooms for the nurses and teachers. Here the Carnegies spent their Summers.

The year Margaret was five a new series of rooms was built in this wing; there was a miniature kitchen, perfectly equipped, a laundry with electrical appliances, a dining room, bedroom, drawing room and bath. There was even a room fitted up as a cellar and one side filled with racks for rare vintages.

And now began Andrew Carnegie's system. In the nursery Margaret played with dolls, but not as other children. She did not drag Florabelle round by the head. No, indeed! Florabelle was her own real baby and she was trained to care for her exactly as though she was a real mother. Florabelle was a most expensive French doll, carefully jointed and supplied with machinery to make her say "Good morning, mama."

Under the careful eyes of a trained nurse Margaret mothered her babies. She dressed them and undressed them, fed, learned how to prepare the food and what medicine to give them for colic as well as croup. She tubbed those who could stand it in a perfectly appointed baby's bath and kept the most rigid sleeping hours for Florabelle and her sisters.

Of course, this was not all done in a minute, nor in a year. Each step was leaned most carefully before another was tried. But at the age of eight this heiress of three hundred million dollars knew more about the scientific care of babies than thousands of mothers do to-day.

Then began her further training. During the three years she was learning to be a mother the miniature flat had been completed and gradually furnished with articles of furniture that Margaret had been taught to like and choose. In the long Summers at Skibo she now learned to keep house in a thoroughly competent manner. She was not only taught to cook delicious meals, but she was taught how to order them.

Photo by Bachrach, Chicago.

Ensign Roswell Miller.

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She learned how to sweep, clean and dust, and how to train others to do these things—and the last is even harder than the first. The day finally came when Margaret's housewifery satisfied even her father, and he used to drop in unexpectedly for lunch with a guest or two.

There was a very tragic year and a half when Margaret did not do any active housekeeping. Just before her tenth birthday the child of fortune, whose every step was zealously guarded, slipped and broke her ankle. Inflammation set in and it was feared she would be hopelessly crippled. For eighteen months she wore an iron brace and spent most of the long days on a couch.

Throughout these whole weary months Margaret was joyous and happy and never seemed to fret. At her own urgent request she was taught to sew, and by the time the doctors removed the ugly brace she was able to display a trunkful of baby clothes, knitted blankets and jackets—a perfect layette, in fact.

Barring this tragic period, the three hundred million dollar heiress led a very regular existence. Her Summers, as we have seen, were spent in Scotland, where, aside from the housekeeping and child training, she absorbed all the romantic history of that wonderful land of the Black Douglas. The Winters were spent in the big brick mansion on Fifth avenue at Ninety-first street in New York.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, America's $300,000,000 Perfect Housewife Who Is to Marry the Son of the Famous Father's Old Friend.

When Margaret was sixteen she was sent to a fashionable Fifth avenue school, not so much to study as to acquire a first-hand knowledge of the girls who belonged by wealth to the same rank as she did herself. It was not part of Andrew Carnegie's scheme of training to shut his daughter away from society and social life, but he wanted her to have a proper sense of values before placing her freely in the circle to which she would naturally belong. At sixteen, therefore, a perfectly trained, delightfully mannered and very well educated young girl, she was sent to school to mingle with her peers.

Almost immediately Mrs. Carnegie noticed that Margaret's chosen school intimate was a pretty girl named Dorothy Miller. It was several months before either she or Mr. Carnegie discovered that Dorothy was the only daughter of Roswell Miller!

Mrs. Miller was rather given to social activities, and it developed that she and Mrs. Carnegie, who was a conservative homemaker, did not become friendly despite the growing friendship of their daughters. Margaret took part in all the social pleasures connected with her school life and invariably insisted that Dorothy Miller share every pleasure. They graduated the same year and later made their debuts at almost the same time.

Of course, there was a great discrepancy in the fortunes and surroundings of the two chums. It was generally accepted that Margaret would receive one of the greatest fortunes in America. She already owned Skibo Castle and the imposing three million dollar mansion on Fifth avenue. Miss Miller, on the other hand, might have an income of eight thousand dollars a year, and again she might not; that would depend on how her mother spent the fortune left by Roswell Miller.

The Winter of Miss Carnegie's debut, Mrs. Carnegie took a box at the opera for the first time, but it was for the matinee performances only. The Steel King's daughter was occasionally permitted to attend evening performances as a guest of one of her many friends. All this time, however, she was progressing in her home-making. Three Summers ago Mr. Carnegie bought one of the loveliest show places in Lenox, that colony of wonderful estates. "Shadowlawn" has magnificent grounds, but the house needed doing over, and, as a finishing touch to her training, Miss Margaret was given the task of doing over, under the direction of a noted architect and interior decorator. "Shadowlawn" has not only become one of the most beautiful homes in Lenox, but it is the expression of Miss Carnegie's personality.

But it will be noticed that in all this time no love romance figured in Miss Carnegie's life. She was kept rigorously from all fortune hunters, and did not even have the insipid but thrilling little flirtations that are every young girl's birthright.

Her own parents' romance had been constantly before her. Andrew Carnegie never loved any woman but the one he married, and he had been his wife's one great love. While father Carnegie taught his daughter to be a housekeeper and mother, his wife taught her that a girl should not fritter her love away on a series of lovers, but should keep her heart for the one great love.

A year ago Margaret went to dinner at her chum's house, and there met, for the very first time, her chum's brother, Roswell Miller. For one reason and another the two had never come before. Miller had been away at college and then in the American Ambulance in France, and was only back home because he had entered the navy.

In his becoming naval uniform the ensign made a decided impression on the heiress. Undoubtedly sister Dorothy helped things along, and during the next year, while Ensign Miller was stationed near New York, a very charming love affair quietly developed.

Every leave that Miller could get he spent with Miss Carnegie, and she made frequent trips to his post with his mother and sister. They found a number of interests in common, and then in some way stories of the talks their fathers used to have were recalled by both, and surely but surely the courtship progressed until the engagement announcement was made, and now Miss Carnegie is busy preparing her trousseau.

So the cycle is complete. Andrew Carnegie, at the age of eighty-three, sees the best link of his lifetime finished. His perfectly trained daughter stands at the threshold of matrimony, ready at last to prove his peculiar theories to be correct.

And all the time the young people are so deeply and frankly in love that they have no idea—nor do they care—how fashionable society regards them; and Miss Carnegie holds her wealth so lightly that she does not know that society measures to the Carnegie millions against a comparatively poor young naval officer, who may never own more than one million dollars in his own right.

Shocking Discoveries in Famous Private Art Galleries

The "Old Master" Whose Basket of Fruit Turned Into a Head of John the Baptist; the "Priceless Treasure" That Changed a Duchess Into a Saint's Martyrdom; the Masterpiece That Vanished Under the Restorer's Hand and Left Behind the Work of an Unknown Genius

VERY astonishing and, to their owners and the art world at large, shocking discoveries have been made recently among the paintings of some very famous American art galleries, particularly in Philadelphia.

These revelations have come about through efforts to restore certain "old masters," which had become so old that either the paints were cracking or had become so faded and discolored as to render the composition almost indistinguishable.

In the course of this restoration process were revealed not only ingenious tricks of modern and semi-modern art swindlers, but of the old masters themselves, who seem to have had the habit of picking up any piece of canvas handy, covering whatever picture was on it with a background, and then painting their masterpieces upon it.

Three striking instances are shown on this page, and they are but three of many. In one case a painting, which was unquestionably a genuine Carlo Dolci, worth close to one hundred thousand dollars, vanished completely under the cleaning process, leaving in its place a worthless daub. In another a "masterpiece" long declared genuine showed itself to be spurious, and vanished, leaving behind it the fragment of an actual "old master," and in the third a classic mystery of art was solved, and a really great painting came into its own while its owner, though the metamorphosis, had his artistic asset doubled in value.

The discoveries are the result of a housecleaning at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, inaugurated some years ago with the purpose of eliminating all "fakes," mis-attributions and portraits of no real historic value from the collections in its National Gallery.

Professor Pasquale Farina, a restorer of paintings and expert on old masters, who is internationally famous, was entrusted with the work.

Professor Farina's results with the genuine paintings were brilliant. But he was inexorable in sifting out the spurious, of which there turned out to be a number. Dissension developed between the expert and the art jury appointed to superintend the work. Friends and admirers of Professor Farina say that the true basis of the conflict was the jury's objection to the drastic artistic honesty with which he threw out the questionable paintings. The artist's critics, however, looking upon the rejuvenated pictures, hinted that the restorer could not have obtained his effects by working on pigments so ancient and that he must have painted over the work of the original masters. This is absolutely denied by Professor Farina and other experts, but, nevertheless, the argument was used as a basis for impossible terms laid down by the jury for continuance, and rather than accept these terms the artist refused to proceed. The result has been to keep the famous National Gallery of Independence Hall closed for nearly three years.

But, besides the National Gallery and the Wistach collections of paintings at Memorial Hall, which had also been examined by Professor Farina, Philadelphia has many other notable accretions. The fathers of many of Philadelphia's present millionaires, who made their money in traction enterprises, in coal and iron mines and on the stock exchange, celebrated their entrance into wealth by spending hundreds of thousands of dollars upon art.

Joseph Widener, the son of old P. A. B. Widener, who was one of the most indefatigable of these purchasers, declared recently that one art swindler had "put over" five million dollars worth of spurious paintings on American collections within the last six years. With this fact in mind and knowing of Professor Farina's discoveries, sons and heirs began to get nervous about the actual value of those collections which had come down to them from their fathers. In consequence, the expert has been engaged recently in examining a number of the private galleries.

As has been said, the three cases illustrated on this page have been picked out from a number because, while they do not embody a complete presentation of the discoveries, they do provide a very illuminative partial lesson.

The case where a picture gained double value is illustrated by the photographs in the centre of this page. This hangs in the galleries of the Wistach collection at Memorial Hall. It was unquestionably the work of the old master named Carlo Dolci. It was listed under the title of "Youth and Love."

Experts and connoisseurs of art recognized its authenticity, but in no catalogue of Dolci's work nor anywhere could be found the description of such a picture as this or one with any such title. There was one called "Salome with the Head of John the Baptist," all trace of which had been mysteriously lost.

Now, there is nothing in this painting of nice-looking young ladies holding a garlanded basket of fruit, and a plump Cupid beside them, to suggest the grisly story of the martyred saint. But look at the companion picture! Yes, that was the actual lost painting of Dolci, and one of the greatest mysteries of art ceased to be a mystery.

What had happened apparently was this: Some sensitive soul who had possessed the painting had objected to the contents of the platter. Another artist had camouflaged its unpleasantness and turned a tragedy into a luncheon.

Of this Professor Farina says:

"A deeper study of the subject, a closer examination of the general physical condition of the painting, followed by an analysis of some of the pigments; a deeper study of the probable meaning it was intended to convey, enabled me to discover that there was no relation between the different parts of the composition, and that the unity of the conception had been obliterated by the introduction of the fruits and flowers in a composition in which there was no place for them.

"The elimination of the modern colors proceeded gradually, the result being that in the place of fruit I found portrayed the head of John the Baptist in a wonderfully good state of preservation.

"Not a single scratch on it, not the slightest indication of the color fading, the tint cracking or peeling. Superbly drawn, delicately painted, highly finished, psychologically expressing the calmness of a martyr who died with a good conscience and was in life a devoted, faithful Christian.

"The picture thus restored to the completeness of the original idea and its unity of thought has required its dramatic atmospherical effect, its historical importance and its reasons for being.

"The garland of flowers was also removed, and there appeared in the angel's hands a white of scroll with a written Latin inscription, 'Parate Viam Domini,' which explained the reason for the introduction of the angel (not a Cupid) into the composition. Painted on canvas."

In the second example we have a really exquisite and genuine masterpiece lost forever. Carucci, or as they called him in his time "Il Pontormo," lavished all his skill on this Madonna. It was critically regarded as one of the finest examples of Florentine pictorial art. Carucci's time was from 1494 to 1557.

When the restorer got the painting it was covered with layers of dark, dirty, muddy brown accretions.

In cleaning, signs of a figure in the inner angle of the left elbow claimed the artist's eye and beneath Il Pontormo's heavy impasto he found an old man's head painted with miniature-like care—the head of St. Peter. The painting beneath it was even rarer and a century older than the Madonna.

With true antiquarian zeal the artist at once proceeded to destroy the Pontormo picture in order to reveal an unknown artist's conception of Christ in Gethsemane.

Carucci, seized with an inspiration but lacking fresh canvas, had simply taken an old picture that he happened to have, covered it with a background and painted his Madonna upon it.

The third and last case shows, first, a portrait belonging to the gallery of A. H. Lea, of Philadelphia, which was bought in Austria in 1548, for a large sum, as a portrait of the Duchess Visconti, and was supposed to have been painted by Bronzino. Mr. A. H. Lea inherited it from his father, and admired it, together with many experts, for what it was supposed to be for many years. When Professor Farina was called in he analyzed the pigments, demonstrated that it had been painted with those we have used since not over one hundred years ago, and hence it could not have been painted 300 years ago when Bronzino was alive. Further tests showed traces of another picture beneath.

As the spurious Duchess began to disappear the fragment of a really remarkable painting began to take the place of her features. When she had entirely gone a canvas by an unknown master of the seventeenth century, representing the martyrdom and mystery of St. John the Evangelist was revealed!

The Left Hand Photograph Shows the Genuine Il Pontormo "Madonna" Which, Now Lost Forever, Has Left in Its Place the Ancient and Anonymous Picture on Which It Was Painted. Beside It Is the "Madonna" Half Removed.

On This Side Is Shown the Dulci Painting Before and After Restoration. The Basket of Flowers and Roses, Placed by a Later Artist to Please Some Owner, Revealed When Removed the Head of St. John —and Solved a Famous Mystery

How the Restorer Reveals an "Art Fake"

Here at the Left Is the Spurious Portrait of Duchess Visconte, Supposed to Have Been Painted by Bronzino 300 Years Ago and Worth $80,000. Next Below Is Shown the Duchess Disappearing and Another Painting Emerging from Beneath Her. And Last the Remarkable Genuine Unknown Masterpiece Which Was Covered by the Supposedly Genuine Portrait of the Duchess

The Spurious Painting of the Duchess as It Was Before the Restorer Began His Work.

Note How First Picture Betrays No Trace That It Has Been Painted on Top of the Old Picture.

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Extraordinary Bargain of a Love Sick Husband

If a Banker Ran Off with Your Wife, and You Found the Pair, and Your Runaway Wife Begged You to Spare the Man's Life and Come and Settle Down--All Three in a Cottage Together; What Would YOU Do?

LONG have the poets asked, "What is love?" and many and varied have been the answers given. The fact, however, that the question is still as alive to-day as it was in Adam's time, and that every fresh generation considers it without a shadow of abatement of interest, seems to indicate that none of the definitions as yet given is entirely satisfactory.

Hand in hand with it goes another query, "Do you love me?" followed closely by the offspring of the two, "How can you prove it?"

"Do you love me?" no doubt asked Eve of her lord and master closely following the historic visit of the Old Serpent to their garden.

"Of course," no doubt replied Adam.

"Prove it," demanded Eve, setting the fashion for her daughters.

"How?" asked the unsuspecting and love-sick Adam.

"Take a bite of this apple," answered Eve—and so our troubles began.

After that the three questions became part of the eternal mechanism of human conduct, working busily throughout the ages both for good and ill, for tragedy, comedy and farce. Skipping lightly over these centuries we run into their latest manifestation in the case of Mrs. Rose Knight, of Bartlesville, Oklahoma; her husband, Thomas Knight, a wealthy oil operator, and Mr. J. E. Spangler, head teller of the Bartlesville National Bank.

Mrs. Knight believes that her husband has proven to her that he not only knows what love is, but that he loves her with a love more intense and accommodating than the love of any other love-sick husband in the world.

Mrs. Knight thinks she is justified in this belief, because after she had eloped with Mr. Spangler and her husband had followed the pair half way across the American continent with two guns in his pockets and swearing vengeance at every roll of his auto's wheels—he arrested, beat up or slew the man who had betrayed him? Not at all!

No. Ordinary men might have done this, and perhaps also have at least spanked the erring wife. But when he had found them, Mr. Knight not only threw away his guns, but agreed to forgive and take second place in the pretty Long Island home, which the two had bought with, it is charged, money Spangler had stolen from his bank. And although the husband was pledged to help the Bartlesville National Bank bring Spangler back for an accounting, he remained to help his wife conceal the identity of the intruding recipient of her love, hoping that some day she would turn back to him and be his again in fact as well as name.

It was five years ago that J. E. Spangler, young and good-looking, able to appear prosperous and at ease in clothes with empty pockets, walked into the office of Knight in the Oklahoma oil centre. At the side of Knight sat his wife, plump, good-looking, who had dropped in for a few words while downtown shopping.

It had been in Spangler's mind to ask for a job, but when his eyes met the dark ones of Mrs. Knight he couldn't. All he did was stammer and back out of the place.

"What's the matter with that chap?" asked the mystified Knight.

His wife did not answer. But with woman's swift intuition she knew the symptoms. Young Mr. Spangler had been struck at first sight with that old question, "What is love?" and had been so disturbed by the commotion it set up in his mental processes that he had been forced to depart incoherently to get his bearings. Romance was brewing—therefore she did not endanger it by conversation.

Spangler found a place as bookkeeper at the Bartlesville National Bank. Steady application to his work and agreeable manners won him rapid promotion, and soon he was in charge of a department with thousands of dollars under his control.

Now and then he and Knight met, and at last Spangler became a visitor at their home. Coincident with winning the trust of the oil operator he won more trust from the bank and rose higher. Soon he appeared on the streets in the sportiest, speediest car in that part of the country. His salary was not too large and he explained his acquisition by saying that he had made some fortunate oil investments, and in that country of rich strikes few questions were asked when a poor man suddenly began spending money.

It began to be whispered that the banker's most frequent companion in long evening rides in his car was a married woman. Some of the knowing ones said it was Mrs. Knight.

"There'll be gun play when Knight hears about it," they prophesied, for the husband is a descendant of old Indian fighters and was known as a fire-eater.

At last Knight did hear about it. A note, accidentally intercepted, revealed beyond question the strength of the attachment between his wife and his friend. As soon as he finished reading it, the oil operator started out with an automatic pistol bulging each of his side pockets. He was hunting for the banker, and he made no secret of his intention to shoot him down in the street, in the bank or wherever they might meet.

But Knight could not find the banker that afternoon. In some way, it would seem, Spangler was warned. Knight kept his knowledge away from his wife.

"It's not her fault," he told himself. "She was led into this by that dog."

That night, while the unhappy husband lay awake planning the vengeance he was going to take, he heard a window open softly downstairs. A motor purred. He jumped out of bed to his own window, and was just in time to see Mrs. Knight speed down the street in Spangler's fast car. Before he could raise a gun they had vanished.

On her pillow he found a note:

"I'll be happier with him. Please forgive me."

Knight lost no time. He dressed, ran to his garage and set out in his own car in the direction Spangler and his wife had gone. He knew the road and he knew the two would have to follow it to another town before turning off, and he pushed the engine to its limit.

But alas! The husband's car was not as fast as that of his rival. When he reached the turn he found that the banker had passed through half an hour before at a rate almost twice as fast as he had come.

Knight went back to Bartlesville. He made preparations for a long and wearying chase. It was his belief that the pair had made no actual plans to settle in any particular town or city, and that they would calculate that there was more safety in travelling by automobile than by train. This manner of travel would leave them more free, Knight thought they would reason, and also provide them with a greater immunity from telegrams. He spent the night tuning up his own car to follow. The next morning he stopped at the National Bank of which Spangler had been one of the trusted employes.

There he was told that an examination of Spangler's books had been made and that they had shown a shortage of many thousands of dollars. Preparations had already been made to pursue Spangler and bring him back to explain the shortage.

"Bring him back from where?" asked Knight.

"But the detectives will find him," assured the bank president.

"I'll find him for you," answered Knight, and drove away.

Followed a wearying chase. Never more than a day or two behind the pair, still he could not catch up with them. A dozen times he lost the trail, but not for long, and convinced that they were east bound he went on and on, driving across State after State.

In a western Pennsylvania town he missed them by only four hours.

"You'll have to catch them before they get to New York," chance acquaintances told him. "That's the best place to hide in the world. You'll never find them there."

"I'll find them," he would answer, grimly.

And he did. The runaway pair reached New York only a little while before Knight and were engulfed among its crowding millions. Followed then a test of detective ability enormously more difficult than any to which the husband had been subjected in the distances between far Oklahoma and America's great sea port. In the latter's maze of streets and swarming multitudes it is not hard for people to hide themselves. That is why New York is the sanctuary of fleeing men and why, as the newspaper people say, "so many crime stories break there."

For days Knight searched. At last, somehow, some way, he found a clue. What it was he will not say. But it led him to an obscure lodging house on Twenty-second street. He went there sure that his search was ended. And again he found that he was too late. But the determined husband found at the lodging house still another lead. It was a fresh one and he followed it.

And, incidentally, it must be said that Knight's detective instinct must be excellent, for it took the Burns' Agency detectives three months to cover the same ground.

Straight to the Long Island suburb Knight went. He quietly ascended the steps of the house that had been indicated and walked in.

When he found them the two were together. Knight drew his gun silently.

What happened then was told by Mrs. Knight to Federal detectives.

"I stepped between them," she said, "and made Tom promise not to do anything until he had heard me out."

Then the conversation, according to the wife, ran something like this. Knight's revolver was still levelled at the head of the betrayer of his home. Swiftly Mrs. Knight reached up a hand and threw up his arm.

"Stop!" she cried. "Don't you love me?"

"Good Heavens, yes," was Knight's reply. "That is why I followed you."

"Do you love me enough to do whatever will make me happiest?"

"Yes, I do," said the husband hesitatingly.

"If I tell you I will be happier with this other man—at least for a while—will you kill him?"

"No!" was the answer, as he lowered his gun.

And that was the beginning of the strangest bargain a lovesick husband ever made with a wife.

After this, in consideration of sparing Spangler's life and not informing the police of his whereabouts, Knight, it is said, made the two agree that he should be permitted to live with them; should be permitted to remain near his wife and should be permitted to bask in her love again if ever Mrs. Knight and Spangler should decide that they no longer cared for each other.

"If ever I stop loving him, Tom, I'll come back to you," assured his wife.

"Sure, Tom, that'll be all right. I won't interfere in the least if she does," magnanimously promised Mr. Spangler. And so it was arranged. The erring wife and her lover furnished the little cottage with money provided by the husband and there he dwelt with them, like Lazarus.

To those with whom they came in contact on Long Island there seemed to be no cloud on their happiness. To the spectator there was nothing offered to arouse suspicion as to the astonishing conditions within the suburban home. The husband's jealousy either died, or else was so well controlled that it caused not the slightest ripple of disturbance in the daily life of his wife and her enamourer.

Then one day three men knocked at the door of the Spangler-Knight house. They were the detectives. When they walked away with the banker the woman who had eloped with him wept unrestrainedly. Then she dried her eyes.

"Well, he's gone," she said, looking up at her so incredibly patient spouse.

With uplifted thankful eyes he held out his arms to her and she threw herself into them. His wonderful self-abnegation had won out—if there is any one anywhere who can consider it a victory worth winning.

Spangler was taken back to Bartlesville and thence to Muskogee, where the Federal Court of Oklahoma sits. There he was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury and now is in the jail waiting for his case to be called. He has promised, according to the Federal District Attorney, to plead guilty, and if he does he will be sentenced to the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan.

"Women and money—they're both fickle," he is quoted as having said. "It doesn't pay to steal either."

Is there any wonder that when some questing young thing asks Mrs. Knight: "What, oh, what is love?" that she feels she is better qualified perhaps than any other woman in the world to answer?

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"Knight stepped forward, his automatic levelled at the betrayer of his home. Swiftly Mrs. Knight reached up a hand and threw up his arm.

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"'No,' was the answer, as he lowered his gun.

"And that was the beginning of the strangest bargain a lovesick husband ever made with a wife."

The Runaway Wife, the Accommodating Husband and the "Other Man."

The Standing Figure Is Mrs. Knight for Love of Whom Her Husband, (Whose Photograph Appears at the Left) Agreed to Live with Her and J. E. Spangler (Shown at the Right) with Whom She Had Eloped.

My Three Year

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, W in France Was Occupied by Others in High Command, Reveals for Time the Details of Unsus Behind the German Lines in Devastated Which Stands Unparalleled by Any

ON that fateful August day four years ago when the German army poured across the Belgian frontier I was visiting friends in Brussels. Next day my husband joined his regiment in France, the Second Howitser Reserve. I have never seen him since. He was killed in battle fourteen months later.

The Germans swept on. Suddenly the patrols of Uhlans galloped into Brussels; then came the Prussian Guard. We were now helpless in the hands of the enemy.

My husband's chateau was near Epinoy, in northern France. As the German lines pressed rapidly forward into France they soon passed through and beyond Epinoy, and I was permitted to leave Brussel and go to my home.

My home! For three years I was the servant in my own chateau, the humiliated slave of my brutish German masters. My chateau had been taken for the I tillery Corps, and from time to t themselves were there. Twenty r quarters of the General Staff, at t

For three years I lived under officers of the great German m their plans, ministered to their br strous commands executed on the ering bodies of my neighbors.

But I will tell this in detail page; all this and a thousand-fo into my brain and heart and so endless days and nights of that t

LLAINE, COUNTE

How the Death Trap of Cagnicourt Was Baited with a Live Baby

"A mine operated by an electrical contact device was placed in the basement close beneath the ceiling. Another mine was set some hundreds of feet away beneath the street. These mines were linked with wires, and another wire was run from the basement line through the floor and concealed in the baby's crib. This wire was then attached by a string to the girdle of the child.

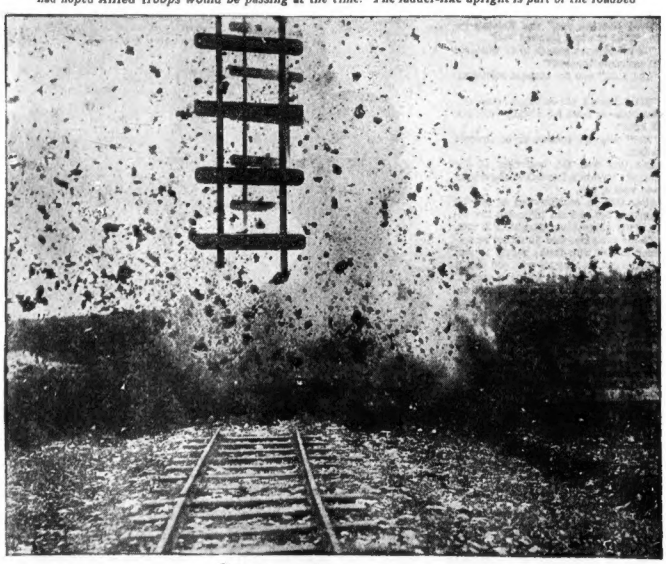
"If any one lifted the baby from the crib the string would tighten, pull the wire working the contact device, set a spark and ignite the fuses of the mines.

"The first soldier to reach the side of the crib tenderly lifted the little one. When he straightened up——

"A whole section of the village was destroyed, more than a hundred of the British soldiers were killed, and of those who had heard the baby's cries and of the little one itself not even fragments were left"

—From the Countess de Gaza-Pascal's Story.

Mines with time fuses were left behind in territories evacuated by the Germans to explode hours after their retreat. The photograph shows a mine going off under a railroad track over which the Huns had hoped Allied troops would be passing at the time. The ladder-like upright is part of the roadbed



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The Ingenious Death Traps of the Retrea

By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE seen so many barbarous acts perpetrated at the orders of German officers, many of them high in command, whose names are familiar to the American public, and have heard them so often coolly discussing plans and outrages which made my blood run cold, that I like to remember, and tell about, one German officer—a royal Prince—who lived for some time in my chateau, and who was different from the rest. The tragedy of his life as a soldier is a striking example of what the great German army and its oppressions in the invaded regions of France stood for.

This officer was Prince Adolph, a cousin of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. He was a major of Bavarian light artillery and was very young, scarcely more than a boy, but he had made a reputation as an unusually capable artillery officer. Two years before the war my husband and I had visited Munich, during a trip into German connected with my husband's business. We had met Prince Adolph at a social affair there. He had just graduated from Heidelberg then, and was beginning his career in the army and was very proud of having won his promotion to a captaincy in the artillery—the coveted branch of the Bavarian army.

Prince Adolph was much astonished when, with the establishment of Prince Rupprecht's headquarters at Cambrai, he was billeted at my chateau, and found in me an old acquaintance—a very casual and no doubt long forgotten acquaintance, but at least a French woman whom he had met before. With a characteristic naivete he proposed that we forget we were enemies in so far as discipline would permit. And so I became his confidante.

Two years before he had been a light-hearted boy. Now he was haggard and weary eyed. He had been through a year of the war, and it had aged him. He was very proud of the Iron Cross won in an early campaign and which he wore on his light blue Bavarian uniform—but he said to me one day, "There is not a life that I have taken in this brutal war which I would not give this decoration to restore. It is horrible, Madame, this war; it has made beasts of us all. We have to be beasts to win, so the Kaiser says, and, of course, for Germany's sake we must win. So we have no choice. But I dislike being a beast."

That was it—the German military spirit and training demanded that its officers and soldiers be beasts—in order to win!

Every one knows of the retreat of the Germans in March, 1917, when the British and Canadians began to push so hard at the line above St. Quentin. Those were terrible days for us—the front was but a few miles away. Between my chateau and the trenches there were innumerable little villages, some of them almost lost in small patches of woods.

Prince Adolph was ordered by General von der Waldau to destroy the majority of these villages—to raze them to the ground, that they might not be turned into nesting places for dashing bands of British cavalry, which had begun to make daring raids, swooping down upon these villages, trapping German troops or making prisoners from whom valuable information was being wrested.

"You will be careful not to be surprised, Major," the General said to him, "as the enemy cavalry seems to be very foolhardy. Take a company of light artillery and engineers and use enough explosive of whatever kind you select to make a thorough job of each village. We will erect a battery among the ruins in each place, if we can thoroughly clear the line of low trajectory."

"But how about the inhabitants, General—those who have held to their homes? We must give them some warning and time to get away with their belongings."

"Never mind the inhabitants. We want those villages razed as fast as you can reach them with your men," the General replied.

That night Prince Adolph said to me: "I shall not sleep to-night. It is terrible. But I must obey orders; all must obey orders, or we would be shot. We have learned such things are right, if they are necessary to the army. Some day those of us who are human—some day, when we have served well and have obeyed all orders—then we will make those who have ordered such things pay for the vile deeds we have had to do."

He went out next day with the commanding officers of the companies that had been assembled to obey his instructions. Late in the afternoon old women, old men, many children and occasionally a girl of sixteen or so began to walk along the road in front of my house toward Epinoy. They came in little groups—one old woman, two or three children that must have been grandsons and daughters, and now and then a girl—most often the girl walked with an old woman on either arm. The women wore black dresses and bonnets, and the girls wrapped their heads in shawls. They walked slowly, with their eyes peering about them as if they looked upon a strange, almost unbelievable world—unbelievable because it could be so cruel, even though the pigeons were cooing in the woods and yellow flowers spotted the grass along the roadside.

There were the first of the inhabitants whom Prince Adolph had been ordered to "never mind." And he had obeyed his orders. Swooping down upon village after village, the major first warned any German soldiers who might be in billets in the village to go elsewhere. Then with deadly precision his men placed their mines, set their charges and at a given signal there was a roar a great tempest of dust and brick and mortar, a crash of falling debris—and another village which had stood somnolently for hundreds of years was a heap of ruins.

All that night and the next day and the day after the stream of refugees flowed by. Then Prince Adolph returned late in the evening and asked me to get him a glass of wine. "I have obeyed my orders, Madame," he said. "To-morrow the General will ask me for my report and will instruct me to make the proper notation on his maps. Since I have obeyed orders he will say nothing more. If I had not obeyed, he would say a great deal. Germany can never prosper while she bears the burden of the sins I have placed upon her this day."

How prophetic his words were!

A long time after that I heard of the end of this German officer who loathed his orders, though he obeyed them. He was in command of a mortar throwing section in a wooded portion of the Soisson sector. He had difficulty in fixing his range, which with a mortar battery must be extremely accurate, it seems. He went out one day with a white flag. When he had attracted attention in the British trenches he walked boldly forward, his white flag held high. When he ignored an order to halt the British thought he had not heard. They repeated the order, menacing him meanwhile with leveled rifles. He kept on. When they shot him he was within a few feet of the trenches. Before he fell he had time to wave his flag and thus give his batteries an accurate range of the trenches.

In a few minutes, so the officers said whom I overheard telling the story, the German batteries poured deadly shells into the British trenches, burying the Prince's body beyond recovery. There was no doubt Prince Adolph deliberately committed suicide—with a treacherous deed, in keeping with the principles of the High Command. But his death was a protest against the ruthlessness which he despised. The staff officers could not understand.

The Prince removed himself, however, just in time to avoid orders that would have been far more repugnant to his nature than the assignment to destroy the villages.

In 1917, as every one knows, the entire Cambrai sector

's of German Slavery

ıose Chateau Hindenburg and the First pected Savagery France thing in History

headquarters of the Fourth Ar-me Hindenburg and Ludendorff miles away was the Great Head-St. Aubert.

the shadow of the commanding litary machine and overheard ital desires and saw their mon- desolated homes and the quiv-

from Sunday to Sunday on this her things which were burned through the long hours of the ree years of horror.

IS DE GAZA-PASCAL.

ting Huns

Hindenburg line was endangered determined drives of the British. was a time in the Spring of that year the loss of Cambrai and its entire sec-f the line was almost frankly antici-by the commanding officers. General er Waldau discussed with his officers visability of making preparations for the removal of aff archives from the headquarters at Epinoy. The ry section of the High Command was then occupy-reat Headquarters at St. Aubert, a few miles away, ese headquarters were evacuated.

was then I heard discussed in the most amazing way reparation of treacherous death traps for the vic-s soldiers of the Allies in the towns and villages were abandoned. One of these I want to tell about ail, because afterward I heard its execution de-l in the mysterious gossip of Paris, which seemed ow all of the events at the front, even though the apers told virtually nothing and the army com-ion less.

this time many villages behind Arras, toward the n side of No Man's Land, had been lost The barrage was being used effectively by the British ry, and almost every day the Allies "came over the with that superb dash which carried them well into emy's lines. The staff officers, in their moments of tion at my chateau, busied themselves in planning r traps—more, it seemed to me, out of vindictive-ıss with actual hope of seriously impeding the Brit vance.

British had been taught their lesson, though, and ff reports showed that the traps were proving in-ve—the advancing troops were preceded by en-e, who carefully ferreted out the hidden mines and ives.

young captain who had been detached from Crown Ruprecht's staff to replace Prince Adolph re-l from a stay of several days at the front, during time he had been in active charge of a company of engineers detailed to prepare villages in the firing or evacuation—capture, that is, by the Allies. He is brother officers, in the presence of General von aldau himself, of a trap he had set in the village of ourt. He did not know whether or not it had been ful, but he wanted to make wagers that it had been. ıicourt was one of the larger villages close to the omewhat protected from the devastating artillery British by a group of low hills, or mounds, behind it nestled. With the approach of the Allies the tants had hidden themselves in cellars, hoping to be ed But when the Germans found it necessary to te the village to straighten their lines in that imme-neighborhood, they removed all the inhabitants—them back toward Epinoy. That is, they removed one—and that one, as the young captain, whose have forgotten, proudly related, was a baby but months old

captain, or his men, found the baby in its mother's when they searched one of the larger houses for tenants. Near where the mother was hiding was tle one's crib. Then, the captain recounted, a inspiration came to him." In a few hours, as the British realized that the Germans had evacu-is village, they would pour into it. There was no "plant" a mine which could be operated from a e, and yet the opportunity must not be lost to r a few of the intrepid British.

young mother was ordered to join the other in-its being sent out of the village, but a soldier tore by from her arms. When she threw herself at the 's feet another lifted her and, with prodding bayo-ve her along with the refugees.

ine operated by an electrical contact device was d in the basement close beneath the ceiling. Another was set some hundreds of feet away beneath the street. Enough explosives were planted to demolish half a dozen houses in the neighborhood and scatter the bricks and stones with all the deadliness of shrapnel. Both mines were linked with wires so that they would explode simultaneously, and another wire was run from the basement through the floor and concealed in the baby's crib. This wire was then attached by a string to the girdle of the child. The captain himself superintended the tying of this cord.

As he told of these fiendish preparations the captain explained, with considerable satisfaction in his skill at foreseeing all possible circumstances, that he had left enough slack in the string so the squirming of the deserted baby, cramped in its crib, would not tighten it sufficiently to effect the electric contact at the end of the wire and thus prematurely explode the mines. But, he added, his slack would be instantly taken up when a rescuing soldier lifted the child from the crib and stood erect.

General von der Waldau was much interested in the captain's report of his unique "trap." He was struck by the originality of the idea, but could not, for a moment, understand the captain's supposition that it would be successful. "The enemy engineers, if they precede the infantry, will not be imposed upon; they will, of course, search thoroughly before interfering with the child, if it does, as you suppose it will, attract their attention," the General said.

"But do you not see, sir," the captain replied, "the baby will cry, and that will attract the attention of the occupying troops. And the first impulse of the enemy soldiers will be to lift the child from its cradle. Then—pouf!—a half a hundred or more of them will be blown to bits. They will not consider the village a good bargain."

"Perhaps—perhaps; but I doubt it," was the General's comment.

Until long after my deliverance I wondered frequently just what had happened when the British soldiers swept into the deserted village of Cagnicourt and heard the baby's cries in one of the houses. The officers themselves had no way of knowing—they could only hope the captain's trap succeeded. And then in Paris, in one of the cafes where convalescent soldiers are the guests of the willing war service women, I heard what had happened, and it was just as the captain planned.

When the British soldiers discovered the enemy had left Cagnicourt they cautiously advanced and entered the village. The streets were deserted. Here and there an abandoned German helmet lay in the centre of a narrow street, but the soldiers carefully avoided these souvenirs of the enemy—knowing that under every carefully "lost" helmet there probably lurked a mine. Even a German rifle left standing against a house door, as if its owner had been too hurried to escape to take his arms with him, was left untouched until engineers were assured that a string leading to a mine contact was not hidden so that if the rifle were moved a mine would explode.

But when, turning the corner of a little street, the cries of a baby were heard, these same cautious soldiers began hurriedly to seek out the abandoned little one. The cries were traced to the empty house. Soldiers rushed up the stairs, while others gathered below, curious to know what an advance contingent of the British army, pushing headlong in the wake of a retreating enemy, was going to do with a motherless, salvaged baby.

When the soldiers who had dashed up the stairs entered what had been the mother's bedroom they saw the crib and the little hands that reached out hopelessly for the mother that could not come. The first soldier to reach the side of the crib tenderly lifted the little one with an embarrassed and awkward bit of baby talk to soothe it. When he straightened up the mine exploded.

A whole section of the village was destroyed, and more than a hundred of the British soldiers were killed. Of those who had heard the baby's cries and of the little one itself not even fragments were left. General Waldau and the captain would have been vastly pleased, I do not doubt, if they had known how well they builded upon the British soldiers' impulse to comfort a deserted baby.

I do not know, of course, if more babies were used as bait.

It was in these days, when it was feared the line might break and let the Allies through, that the whole city of Cambrai was mined. At Cattonvillers, 7,000 yards west of Cambrai, was a great storehouse of explosives and munitions. A mine was first laid under this storehouse and then large supplies of explosives were distributed through the city itself. Prince Rupprecht's orders, as received by General von der Waldau, were to make of this ancient city, the home of our famous Cambrai laces, a veritable murder nest. General Waldau issued his directions very carefully, as, he said to his officers, the city would no doubt be occupied by a strong force if it were lost, and used as a distributing centre. It was planned that there should be such an explosion as to wipe out a regiment, or perhaps a whole army staff.

Many of these mines were placed by means of tunnels radiating from the Grande Place, which the Germans boarded up so the inhabitants could not see their operations. Tunnels were run under school houses and all big buildings, where troops might congregate during an occupation. The most important residences, such as might be commandeered for the billeting of officers, were also mined.

By this time the cathedral was a ruin, but there was another large church where the good people of Cambrai gathered on Sundays. I heard a young major report to General von der Waldau that he had stored a large amount of explosives in the belfry of this church and had connected the exploding wire to the monstrance on the high altar in such a way that a contact device could be quickly placed if the town were to be abandoned. The major believed that if the British took the town the inhabitants would gather in this old church for a great giving of thanks. The minister would, at some point in the service, move the sacred vessel containing what to millions of Christians represents the body of Christ. Instantly there would be an explosion which would bring the heavy beams, roof and walls down upon the heads of the worshippers.

For many months after that the residents of Cambrai lived in the midst of this preparation for their instant destruction. There was no way to warn them, for neither I nor my servants could overhear enough of the mining plans to identify the houses and buildings. We could only tell that such preparations had been made for evacuation.

When at last the British and Scottish regiments did capture the city, some time after my deliverance, these mines were exploded. What the loss of life was I do not know. I heard in Paris it was heavy. The entire city was virtually destroyed. Only the railway station was saved, and this was because the time fuse that had been placed there was discovered before it was too late.

The working out of new and unique plans for these death traps was one of the principal topics of conversation in my chateau among the staff officers who lounged there at least a few of each twenty-four hours. These things seemed to have been an idea born in the headquarters of Prince Rupprecht himself, at St. Aubert. There was a long official document issued to corps commanders, one of which was read by General von der Waldau to his staff, and which gave detailed instructions as to the necessity of "hindering the progress of the enemy" by every device possible which would cause "even momentary hesitation and confusion in the occupation of abandoned trenches, villages, towns and outposts."

I remember the exultation with which an officer reported to the General that he had fixed on a table in a dugout which was about to be abandoned the imitation pearl necklace which he had kept as a souvenir of a woman in Berlin. To the necklace he had attached two fine copper wires in such a manner that if the necklace were picked up it would explode a 9.2 shell, containing enough explosives to wreck a village. He drew a mental picture which was to him most amusing of the British soldier who would seize at the necklace with a shout of joy at finding such an interesting relic of his foe, and then, with all his comrades, be blown to atoms.

I heard, too, of another trap which I have since learned became the matter of an official military report. An officer told how he had been told of a brother officer nailing a live kitten to the door of a house in an evacuated village. The nails were driven through the kitten's fore claws, and it was left to hang in agony. When the British rushed up to relieve it and pulled out the crucifying nails a magazine was set off. A dozen or more soldiers lost their lives.

After the Bavarians came, with General von der Waldau in command of the sector, the sufferings of the people at Epinoy were increased ten fold. I have heard much said of the difference between the Prussians and the Bavarians, and there seems to be a general opinion in America that the Bavarians were above reproach. The difference I noted was that the Prussians went about their persecutions seemingly with a fixed purpose in view. They dealt with the inhabitants of the invaded regions according to their strict military code—terrorization. There was no torture too horrible, no deed too violent. It was a Prussian who was responsible for the deportations, and Prussians who supervised the removal of girls into slavery.

The Bavarians had no such code. They professed to believe in the honor of gallant fighting. But they believed, too, that part of the soldier's pay was his privilege of looting and otherwise conducting himself as he saw fit—in other words, that whatever enjoyment he could get at the expense of the inhabitants of the country he invaded was part of the spoils of war.

It was a Prussian officer in Epinoy who had won the confidence of Mme. and M. Marteau, of Epinoy, in whose home he had taken up his residence. The Marteau cottage was very humble, but the lieutenant had the best, as he demanded, and he repaid the Marteaus for his presence by making up to little Jeanne, the six-year-old niece of the Marteaus, who was an orphan. He liked to play with Jeanne, and made wooden dolls for her with his pocket-knife, and translated German fairy tales into French for her, and was altogether an agreeable guest. Jeanne learned to call him "pere," and loved him very much. When Mme. Marteau was ill the lieutenant helped M. Marteau prepare the evening meal, and insisted upon helping wash the dishes. But when the Germans evacuated Epinoy at the victorious approach of General Byng, just before I was freed, this same lieutenant kissed Jeanne good-by and then calmly gave the orders which set off the mine he already had placed in the Marteau basement. The cottage was blown to atoms, as were the houses of the neighbors, and Mme. and M. Marteau lost all their belongings, even their most treasured possessions, and Jeanne lost her wooden dolls. Madame and Monsieur and Jeanne were warned by the lieutenant just in time for them to escape alive. They begged for time to take their clock, their ancient silver and their bird in its hand-made cage. "There is no time for such things," the lieutenant coolly replied.

(Continued Next Sunday)

The Countess de Gaza-Pascal

Steel death traps that were set in hidden places and left behind to maim the pursuing soldiers—Another popular form of Teutonic ingenuity. And (above) Another German death trap—an apparently innocent trunk which, when opened, sets off annihilating charges of high explosives.

The Black Stone — By George Gibbs

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEFORE the outbreak of the war, Constance Masterson tells Alan Jessup that she cannot marry him because he has no worth-while purpose in life. Constance then takes up Red Cross work and Jessup sails on his private yacht for Africa. With him goes Von Hengel, whom he afterward learns is a German spy. Von Hengel goes ashore at Gibraltar and brings back on board a mysterious black stone. Later he disappears without warning and Jessup lands in Cairo, where he once more meets Constance, whose hospital ship lies in the harbor. While seeking to capture Von Hengel and take from him the famous Kaba Stone, Constance is kidnapped and Jessup seriously wounded. Connelly, one of the men on his ship is held for possible information about Von Hengel's movements.

CHAPTER IX.

Connelly Recants.

THE mere fact that he now had a definite incentive did more for Alan Jessup than any physic in the Kasr-en-Nil hospital could have accomplished. It was with an unusual alacrity that he got out of bed upon the following morning and attired himself in the garments that Dawson had brought. And at ten o'clock, though still a little weak and uncertain as to his legs, he got into the train for Alexandria with his valet. Before leaving, however, he dispatched a brief note to the Governor telling Northby Pasha that he was merely running up to the Turkana for a few hours and that he would return upon the morrow.

He tried to shrug aside the persistent thought that this was a mere wild goose chase, born of a queer concept of the brain of his prosaic servitor, but upon the train the phlegmatic confidence of Dawson restored a hope that something would come of this hurried visit. After all, hadn't it been Dawson's imagination which had led to the discovery of the great conspiracy? At least no harm could come, and if this plan to find a new clue failed, Alan would be no worse off than before, surely no worse off than Northby with all the Intelligence Department of Lower Egypt at his disposal, which as yet had accomplished precisely nothing.

Captain Hoagland was at the railroad station, and conducted them in an arabeah to the boat landing, whither they were taken at once in the yacht's launch aboard the Turkana. The Duchess of Barchester's hospital ship, the Mercy, still lay at anchor, but there were signs of activity about her, which indicated that in the urgencies of war the disappearance of one integer of her complement was to be set upon the debit account and so forgotten. To Alan Jessup there was something uncompromisingly heartless in this activity which could so soon forget the young American girl who had unselfishly thrown in her lot with these strangers and followed them on their pilgrimage to the end of the earth.

Connie's disappearance at first caused a desperate depression in Alan Jessup, followed by a solemn purpose, no less desperate, to find her and avenge himself upon her abductor and his own false friend. Connie was the only creature he had ever cared for—and their brief meeting, so disastrous, had blown again into a glow the dull embers of his unfortunate affection.

He loved her more than ever, of course, but he had taken care not to burden her with any vestiges of sentiment, for in the seven weeks of absence he had managed to bring about a quiet acquiescence in his misfortune. He had made sure that Connie should never know how much he had suffered and resolved that he would never again broach a subject which she had ended in such a sudden and summary fashion. The incident had been ended. He was a good sport. He knew when he was beaten.

But now, with the burden of failure so heavily upon him, he seemed for the first time really to gain a true conception of his actual worth in the great game of life at which he had been frittering. It was a game, the greatest game of all, and he had played it like a quitter, like that one sort of creature he had always affected most to despise—the poor sportsman. All this Connie had told him, all that he had known and merely shrugged aside, unaware that his indifference and apathy in all the vital things of life were to bring about the loss of the only woman he had ever loved.

In the two days that had passed Alan Jessup had had some moments of self communion and abasement. He had passed through a kind of fiery ordeal, from which he had emerged, as from his injury, a little groggy mentally as well as physically, but newly born into a terrible earnestness of purpose, which set the past aside and leaped at the chance of new endeavor.

He had badly misjudged Conrad von Hengel, but even now it was difficult to believe that the German would do physical harm to Constance Masterson, for whom he had so often professed a warm affection. Alan Jessup was sure that Constance was safe—somewhere—hidden away until von Hengel could carry out his plans without her interference. And if this theory held true, it was Alan's business to find her, stopping at nothing in the attainment of his object.

He had grasped at the thin thread of Dawson's clue, like a man in a maze seeking a way out, and on the train from Cairo he planned a definite method of procedure with regard to the imprisoned Connelly which, in the security of his cabin, he confided to Captain Hoagland, whose eyes sparkled with interest. They had both liked and trusted the men. Perhaps something would come of this.

So it was that, a short while after his arrival aboard the Turkana, Connelly was summoned to face the owner. Before the man came in Jessup took a place at the head of the table, his back to the light, an automatic pistol carefully displayed and a pad and pencil near his right hand. If the power vested in shipmasters of the United States were of any value here he meant that Hoagland should use them to the utmost. Also he meant to use as much of his long dormant intelligence as he could summon to extract from Connelly every item of information that he possessed.

The man shuffled in between Hoagland and the boatswain, rather stiff and weary of his long confinement, blinking at the light of day and wearing a much abused and surly air. But Alan Jessup did not miss the quick glance which swept the table of the cabin and took in the air of formality with which the owner had surrounded himself.

But the first passages between the two men only led to a repetition of the statement already heard. Connelly knew nothing. He was on watch on deck. He had fallen asleep. The night before he had had a pain in the stomach and had not slept. He was sorry. It would not occur again.

"You're quite right, Connelly," said Mr. Jessup dryly, "it won't occur again."

Connelly said nothing to that and only shuffled from one foot to the other and looked at the deck.

Pursuing the plan he had thought out, and following the scanty threads of evidence Captain Hoagland had provided, Jessup went on:

"Connelly, our records show that you were born in the south of Ireland. Men aboard the Turkana have said that you were in sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement and that you have uttered remarks derogatory to the British Empire."

"I'm a naturalized American citizen, Mr. Jessup," said Connelly, after a pause. "I've got a right to think and speak as I like."

"U-m—yes. But it has gotten you into a lot of trouble."

"I can't see, sor"——

"Perhaps I can enlighten you," put in Jessup, very politely. "The mere fact of your falling asleep during your turn in the watch on deck in harbor may in itself seem a trivial offense. But you'll notice that the circumstance of your falling asleep at the exact moment when Captain von Hengel secretly takes the yawl of the Turkana and goes ashore makes you an object of suspicion."

"I don't understand," muttered the man, "I've taken my punishment."

"Some of your punishment, Connelly—a little of it—because there's a good deal more to come—how much depends largely upon yourself."

"What d'ye mean, sor?" asked the man, with a puzzled expression.

"Merely this. Captain von Hengel is a German spy landed through your help in a British garrison"——

"How did I know that, sor?" broke in Connelly heatedly. "You brought him here"——

"Precisely," put in Jessup coolly. "And I meant to take him away. It was you who let him go ashore"——

"I'm sorry"——

"Unfortunately, the fact that you're sorry has very little weight with the British Government, which is in no mood to be trifled with. I'll be quite frank with you, Connelly. The Intelligence Department of the British base has sent me here to bring you to Cairo, as an accessory to the plans of Captain Conrad von Hengel." As Jessup played this card he struck a light for his pipe, which he had been leisurely filling for a moment or two. But he watched Connelly's eyes narrowly over the flaming match. In the light that streamed through the window he saw the pupils of Connelly's eyes dilate suddenly, and then as suddenly become dull again. It was little enough, but it was encouraging. Connelly shuffled his feet and glowered sullenly.

"I don't know anything about Captain von Hengel," he said.

Jessup puffed vigorously at his pipe for a moment or two. And then:

"That's rather curious, Connelly," he drawled, "because the Intelligence Department thinks differently."

The man shrugged. "I know nothing!" he repeated doggedly.

Jessup smiled. "If you persist in refusing to help me, I'm afraid I can't help you. I want to help you, you know, Connelly—to try to keep you out of this trouble, which is really more serious than you suppose. Captain Hoagland has full jurisdiction over this craft, and while you're on the Turkana you're on territory of the United States. But if through me or Captain Hoagland or you the Turkana violates the neutrality of the United States by aiding and abetting the enemies of England, the affair becomes a national one, in which your country and mine are involved. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Connelly.

"Very good. That being true, you may be sure that I would not dare to try to save you when at this very moment the Turkana lies under the guns of one of His Majesty's destroyers, which are prepared to fire into us if we make the slightest attempt to move from our anchorage."

Connelly swaggered and laughed.

"Do you mean to say that the Government of the United States would stand for that?"

Jessup smiled pleasantly at the searack. "Unfortunately for us this is not a time when England can afford to stand on ceremony. She will act first and apologize afterward."

Jessup got up, walked to the windowport and then turned quickly.

"See here, Connelly, I'm trying to help you. I don't want to see a man of my crew shot against a mud-wall. But that's just what is going to happen to you if you don't answer my questions truthfully."

Connelly wavered a moment, but his answer was still sullen. "I don't know anything about Captain von Hengel," he growled again.

Jessup sat at his table, frowning slightly. "H—m," he said. "That's too bad."

"You can't hook this thing on to me, Mr. Jessup," went on Connelly with an air of defiance that was still respectful. "I don't know anything about him. Who brought him here? Who went ashore with him at the Straits? Why, you did. If he was up to mischief and you didn't know it, that was your fault, not mine. And the whole British army couldn't wish it on me."

The man's coolness was admirable, so admirable that Jessup for a moment lost hope of success in this venture. But at this moment, which seemed to tremble on the brink of failure, from the door leading into the saloon Dawson silently entered, bearing in his arms an oblong box which he carefully deposited on the table.

"Some of your punishment, Connelly—a little of it—because there's a good deal more to come."

Connelly was glaring first at the complacent Dawson and then at the notes in Captain Hoagland's hand. He had lost his swagger now.

"My savings, sor; I'll swear to it," he said in a desperate effort to justify himself.

But Jessup now had all the encouragement he needed for his finishing stroke.

"It won't do, Connelly," he said with a shake of his head, as he laid his pipe on the table with an air of finality. "It won't do. The evidence we have is fairly complete. I've only produced it to convince you that it's not worth while protesting. It wasn't your trick on deck the night Captain von Hengel got away. You substituted for another man. It was your job to help the German, and you did it. I wanted to get you out of this. I hoped you could prove your innocence—even against the word of Captain von Hengel himself"——

As Jessup paused for his effect on the prisoner, Connelly's eyes spread wide and he stared at Jessup, now obviously very much alarmed.

"Von Hengel—his word? You mean"——

"Merely that Captain von Hengel was captured last night in Cairo by Northby Pasha, of the Intelligence Department," Jessup lied quite coolly.

Connelly fidgeted from one foot to the other, his face gray and his brow covered with sweat, and then he glanced over his shoulder, as though seeking to make a dash for freedom, but the hand of the boatswain, which was dropped on his shoulder, and the threatening figure of Captain Hoagland, which stood between him and the door, made him aware of the futility of his plan. A further moment of indecision—between defiance and concession—and then the Irishman's resistance broke.

"They can't take me off this ship—they can't prove nothin'. You won't let 'em, sor?" he pleaded at last.

Jessup kept countenance admirably.

"Unfortunately, Connelly," he said with a stern and injured air, "the Turkana has violated American neutrality in letting Captain von Hengel ashore. I have made a statement to the British Intelligence Office at Cairo and have been exonerated, but Captain von Hengel's confession involves you very unpleasantly in spite of your protestations of innocence of the matter. I'm afraid I must comply with Colonel Northby's request to turn you over to the military authorities."

"I'm an American citizen"——

"American—hell!" growled Hoagland. Jessup rose with an air of dismissal.

"I can't take the responsibility," he said. And then to Hoagland: "Put this man in irons and call away the launch in half an hour, Captain Hoagland."

"Very good, sir."

Connelly didn't move. He was on the verge of a confession, but Jessup deliberately turned his back and walked to the port, when the man uttered his name.

"Mr. Jessup."

"Well, Connelly."

"You can't let them shoot me, sor. That's what it means if I'm taken ashore."

"I'm afraid so, Connelly. I wanted to help you, but you lied to me"——

"I'll speak, sor, here—to you, if"——

"I'm afraid it's too late, but if there are any circumstances"——

"I'll tell the whole truth, sor, so help me God."

Jessup turned with a languid air of interest.

"U-m. You know some facts that will aid in the trial of Captain von Hengel?"

"Yes, sor. I think I can help, if you'll get me out of this."

"Ah! Then you did know what his purpose was?"

"Something—yes, sor—not all. And if I tell what I know"——

Connelly paused expectantly.

"M—m. I might have some influence. Mind you, I promise nothing, but I've volunteered to help the Intelligence Department, and what I say may have some weight."

"Then I'll speak," he paused and looked around at the others, "but what I say is for you alone."

Jessup's level gaze sought Connelly's eyes. He was wildly impatient to hear the Irishman's revelations, for, thanks to Dawson and the telltale ditty-box, it seemed that here might be the clue for which Northby was scouring Cairo.

"Very well," he said easily, taking up the automatic carelessly, inserting the clip and locking it again. "I'll hear what you have to say. But no tricks—understand?"

Jessup made a sign to the others, who retired somewhat dubiously and went outside the door. And when they were gone:

"You may sit down, Connelly, in the chair upon my right. So. Now proceed. You lied, of course, when I first questioned you?"

"Well, sor, it's this way. I was born an Irishman, and when you say I've no love for England you spake the truth. I've got some folks in the ould country, and it's no love they have for tyrants that for years have bled their pockets and now want to bleed the blood from their veins"——

"We'll cut that, Connelly," said Jessup with a sudden asperity that even surprised himself. Connelly glanced at him in a puzzled way and then shrugged.

"As you plaze, sor. We'll cut it then, though there's somethin' to be said"——

"How did Captain von Hengel happen to learn of your opinions on the war?" Jessup broke in.

"It was after the chase by the Comet, sor. Feelin' bitter-like, I may have let out a word or two in Captain von Hengel's hearin'. He noticed me and often passed the time o' day when it was my trick at the wheel or on deck, aft, but no one noticed, sor, because he only spoke when no one else was around. But I understood. He was England's enemy and I was, too, and that made us friends."

"Go on."

"One thing led to another, sor. We met often at night for a few moments. He would come on deck and we'd talk a bit. No one saw us. He wanted me to help him and I agreed to do what I could."

"U—m," said Jessup. "Then you didn't have a pain—er—in the stomach?"

"No, sor," he confessed, "I didn't. I lied about that, too, sor. But I had no idea of doing you hurt, sor."

"You didn't. You've only hurt yourself. And if I don't try to save you, it's going to be a firing squad and a wall for you."

"For God's sake, Mr. Jessup, you'll do what you can, sor?" he asked anxiously.

Jessup took up his pipe with a contemplative air and slowly reached for the box of matches. He struck one and puffed at the tobacco thoughtfully, but for a long while he said nothing. Connelly waited, writhing nervously in his chair.

"Tell me the rest of this story—all of it—and tell the truth—for if you lie again I'll find you out. What was the agreement you had with Captain von Hengel?"

"First, to help him ashore, sor, with—with"——

"With the Black Stone," put in Jessup, "Go on."

Connelly looked up at Jessup eagerly and then shrugged.

"You know it all, sor. Then it makes no difference."

"Go on. And after Captain von Hengel escaped—er—you were to join him?"

"Yes, sor. He thought he could use me. He was to pay me well. I was to meet him in a house in Cairo and join his expedition"——

"What house in Cairo?" asked Jessup suddenly.

"The house of the Sheykh Hassan Isar. He's the high muck-a-muck of the Oolama, the bishop, or, you might say, the pope, sor—of the whole bloomin' crew."

"I see," said Jessup, controlling his excitement with difficulty; "and you were to go to the house of Hassan Isar and meet Captain von Hengel—when?"

"In three days, sor—to-day, as a matter of fact."

"Of course," said Jessup, coolly. But as Captain von Hengel is now taken, there would not be much use of your going to that house."

"No, sor. I can see that."

"And how were you going to help Captain von Hengel after that?"

"I was to be in his personal guard when we started on the expedition with the Black Stone."

"And where were you going?"

"How do I know, sor? One name is like another out here."

"You're not lying?"

"I swear it, sor."

"H—m! Hassan Isar, I think you said?"

"He's the head guy in the big mosque—the university"——

"El-Ahzar?"

"That's it, sor."

"And how were you to get into that house?"

"I was to get a costume—in the shop of Abou Hilal in the Khan el Khalily."

"How do you remember these names so well?"

"They were written on a piece of paper, to be sure. Here, sor."

He handed Jessup a soiled envelope on which the names were written in Conrad von Hengel's careful script. There seemed little doubt now that the fellow was telling the truth. Jessup carelessly threw the slip of paper on the table as though it were no longer a matter of importance.

"That will be all for the present, Connelly," he said easily. "I'll see what I can do for you ashore. But in the meantime I'll have to keep you under guard." And raising his voice he called Captain Hoagland and directed that Connelly be again taken to the "brig" below.

When the men went out Jessup picked up the slip of paper and scrutinized it triumphantly. The coil was straightening. Here was one of the cards in Conrad von Hengel's machine—Hassan Isar, head of the El Ahzar, his go-between with the Nazir of the Mosque of Hasaheyn—and perhaps by this time with other Nazirs—a member of the Olama, or Council of Sheykhs, and because of his position as head of the great University of Islam, a person of great erudition and consequence, but not above purchase with German gold!

Jessup grinned cheerfully at the soiled paper for a moment and then went to the door into the saloon and called Dawson.

"We've got it, Dawson," he said.

"Got what, sir?" asked Dawson calmly.

"The clue, Dawson; the lead we've been looking for."

"Really, sir? That's very fortunate."

"That was a stroke of genius about the ditty box, Dawson."

"Was it, sir? Thank you, sir." And then, after a pause in which Dawson looked at his watch: "At what time does the next train leave for Cairo?"

"At five, sir."

"We have some moments to spare. Get out some old clothes—for you and for me. We take no luggage. And please tell Captain Hoagland to come here at once."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Jessup watched the unassuming figure as the man vanished through the door. "All those years and I"—— he broke off and then shook his head in self deprecation.

CHAPTER X.

The House of Hassan.

IT was after dusk when Jessup and Dawson got down from the train at the Central Station in Cairo. They did not take a carriage, but strode off and were soon lost among the crowds in the Boulevard Clot Bey.

Much to Captain Hoagland's disappointment Jessup had decided to make the new venture with Dawson, whose achievements in getting upon the trail of Conrad von Hengel had given him a new value in his employer's eyes. As to his personal courage, Jessup knew nothing, but when the venture which lay before Jessup in seeking out the house of the Sheykh of the Oolama was broached to Dawson, a look quite eager came into his face, and when Jessup asked if he would like to go his

(Continued on Next Page)

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Thrilling Adventure, Love, Intrigue and the Great War

(Continued from Preceding Page)

usual gravity broke into a placid smile and he gave vent to a warm expression of gratitude for the favor granted. He was quite aware of the relations that had existed between Miss Masterson and Mr. Jessup, and Constance, who was always pleasant to servants, had been a frequent visitor to Mr. Jessup's houses and yachts, so that Dawson had learned to esteem her highly.

The breach between them, which Dawson suspected as the cause of his employer's venture forth into the world, had made him most unhappy, for he had long thought it unfortunate for a man of Mr. Jessup's means and position to be living singly, when every consideration seemed to point to a successful married life. It was true that he, Dawson, had made one or two unfortunate experiments in that direction and that women were an uncertain quantity, but Miss Masterson was a very fine young lady and quite the person to make Mr. Jessup happy. He was sure of it. To think that she was at this moment in the mercy of this Captain von Hengel, who was beyond doubt a German villain and capable therefore of any atrocity, was enough to make any man eager to try to save her.

Jessup strode rapidly around the Esbekiyeh Gardens, Dawson struggling to keep pace with him as they made their way toward the Mousky in the direction of the native quarter. At first Jessup had been tempted to go to the Governorat and seek out Northby Pasha, laying his information before him and asking his assistance. But two considerations restrained him.

He felt a sense of personal responsibility for this calamity which had come about through his own indifference and stupidity and wished therefore to be the means of setting things right. And with Connie a prisoner, in all probability in this very house to which they were going, the impulse to take the affair into his own hands was too strong to be resisted. To his own mind, which reasoned with singular, if egoistic directness, his own quarrel with von Hengel now took precedence. There was, too, a slight feeling of superiority over the skillful Northby in having, through the surprising Dawson, discovered the clue which the Governorat had sought so vainly.

If Conrad von Hengel was within the house of Hassan Isar, he meant to gain access, find Connie and bring the arch conspirator to justice. The finger on the trigger would not hesitate now and he would shoot to kill. He had confided these intimate plans to Dawson in the train and Dawson had nodded a respectful acquiescence.

"Of course, sir. Kill him. It is the only thing to do."

Had he said, "Of course, sir—the green cravat—it goes very well with the brown flannels," he could not have spoken in tones more matter of fact. Jessup had examined him with a smile—and thought of the man's wasted years as a valet. Dawson should at least have been president of a corporation. The man grew more calm, more confident with each increase of difficulty, faced each new problem with placid determination. Jessup began to feel more satisfied with his plan in attempting the affair with Dawson than if he had had the whole of Northby's police at his back.

But before leaving Alexandria Jessup had fortified himself in various ways. He had armed both Dawson and himself with automatics and ammunition. At first he had had some doubts as to Dawson's knowledge of firearms, but when the man confided that he had once been in the British army and showed an immediate familiarity with the weapon handed him, Jessup smiled his satisfaction, realizing that if Dawson had lived in his service in New York for fifty years he could never have known him so well as now.

Jessup had also taken the precaution of bringing money—much money—in English sovereigns, disposed in belts about his person and Dawson's. If von Hengel found bribe money useful, there were two who could play at that game. Jessup had always had a kind of good-natured contempt for the huge fortune to which he had fallen heir. It was, of course, necessary that he should have it because it had been left to him, and to nobody else, but it had always been a deep source of annoyance because it gave him grave responsibilities which bored him to extinction. But he was beginning to realize that here at least, in this land of baksheesh, it might have its uses. His own unchecked good money was quite as good as Conrad von Hengel's—perhaps a little better.

It was, therefore, with an air of considerable confidence that he entered with Dawson the shop of Abou Hilal in the Sharia el Akkadin. It was past the hour for trading, but they found the man they were seeking, and upon their entrance he emerged from behind a pile of cheap hosiery and demanded their business.

Abou Hilal was small, with a large hook nose, narrow eyes with granulated lids and high cheek bones, and his yellow face was deeply pitted with the scars of smallpox. He looked at his visitors suspiciously, as though at a loss to place them in any class or condition with which he was familiar.

Immediately putting into practice his new theory, Jessup at once produced two gold sovereigns, which he displayed ostentatiously, and then deposited upon a vacant table under Abou's startled eyes, proclaiming quietly that his name was Connelly and that he had come in accordance with a pre-arranged plan to procure certain disguises which Abou had agreed to furnish.

Abou looked from one to the other, meanwhile slowly advancing his long fingers toward the golden coins, but Jessup's hand reached them first.

"The costumes!" said Jessup.

"Costumes!" exclaimed Abou in excellent English. "There was to be but one garment, Effendi; but one garment."

Jessup indicated the money. "Are there not two coins?" he said dryly, making a move toward his pocket. But Abou caught at his wrist. "Wait!" he broke in with a quick change of tone. "I will see." And he moved toward a door at one side of the stall, indicating that his visitors should follow.

The room to which they were led seemed to be a combination of storehouse and lodging room. Abou went to a chest in one corner, and after taking out a number of garments, glancing from time to time toward the silent figures of his visitors, carried them to a table in a corner, holding them up one after another and examining them again.

Then with a quick, keen glance at Jessup he lowered his hands again and spoke.

"I do not understand, Effendi. It was to be one garment—a disguise"——

"And now I want two," broke in Jessup impatiently, "that's simple enough."

"Yes, but," Abou hesitated. "Two sovereigns are very little for such service," he went on. "How do I know what you wish to do? The police"——

"Very good," said Jessup. "Make haste. Disguise us completely and you shall have four sovereigns."

Abou asked no more questions, and as they disrobed he noticed the money belts about them and heard the clink of coins. After that his skill and alacrity knew no bounds. To the end that within an hour Jessup and Dawson emerged into the street, their darkened faces hidden under the shadows of voluminous headdresses, and made their way toward the house of the Sheykh of the Oolama, to which (for another consideration) Abou carefully directed them.

The eloquence of his money had never before been so impressive to Jessup. Before it all difficulties seemed to be smoothed away.

"How much money have we, Dawson?" he asked.

"One thousand seven hundred and forty-five pounds seven and sixpence, sir."

"H—m. Excellent! I have no doubt that we shall make good use of it."

Smoking cigarettes and conversing in low tones, they made their way past the Mosque of El Azhar and a moment later entered a maze of small passages. But their directions were explicit, and with the names on their lips it was not difficult to find the Sheykh Hassan Kadam. Then they stopped to get their bearings and identify the house to which they had been directed. There was a door which bore an inscription in Arabic, and the arch above it was covered with a tracery of Arabesques. They walked slowly down the deserted street and finally identified the house without difficulty. Jessup had decided that Dawson could be left below in the court while Jessup went on if possible into the Mandahra, remaining within call, concealed if possible, until Jessup needed him.

"A smothered cry broke the quiet of the room. Both men leaped to their feet. At the same moment a stream of fire darted from the wooden screen above and Alan felt his headdress twitched suddenly as though some one had pulled it."

There were difficulties ahead, Jessup had foreseen them, but he had gone on with his venture because go he must. Except for the few perfunctory phrases that he had picked up here and there, he knew nothing of Arabic, and conversation with a view to information under such circumstances was difficult. But he was counting on the magic of the name of Connelly with the bow-wah, if there were one, and after he had gained admittance to the building, he must trust to luck and instinct. As they returned toward the door, Dawson thrust a number of coins into his hands.

"Use them, Mr. Jessup," he whispered. "They say you could buy the Khedive himself with a ten-pound note."

Jessup smiled and halted before the door. He was in the act of raising his hand toward the iron knocker when he noticed that the door was not entirely closed. So he pushed against it, and in a moment they were in a vaulted passage dimly illuminated by a lamp set beyond an angle in the wall beyond. But as they turned the angle which hid the courtyard beyond, they came upon a long stone seat called the mastabah, from which a sleepy porter arose. In a low tone Jessup greeted him with the usual salutation and the man returned it.

Jessup pointed to his breast with his forefinger and muttered the name of Connelly, then gestured toward the court and spoke the name of Hassan Isar. But the man still stared stupidly until Jessup produced a few sovereigns, which he showed the bow-wah in the light from the lamp and then handed them to him. This seemed to clear the atmosphere at once, and leaving Dawson on the mastabah, Jessup followed the man into the spacious court past a plashing fountain and to another door at one side.

So far, so well. But what the deuce was going to happen now Jessup didn't know. He was going to get into the house—and once within it he wasn't going to leave without getting what he had come for.

The bow-wah entered a door and, jingling the coins in his fingers, indicated that Jessup should follow, and so Jessup entered the mandara and glanced eagerly around. The room was of stately proportions, the floor of the durkah of marble mosaic and the ceiling handsomely decorated. Jessup removed his slippers in accordance with custom and quickly picked out a strategic position at an end of the leewan, which commanded the entire apartment, and with his head lowered far enough to conceal his features, watched the hanging fall into place behind the departing doorkeeper.

What he was going to say to Hassan Isar, Jessup at the present moment hadn't the remotest idea. If the Sheykh spoke no English there was going to be some difficulty in carrying on a conversation. But if, as he hoped, Conrad von Hengel should come out to meet him, Jessup was going to overpower him if he could before the German realized who he was.

He heard the sounds of voices in a room at a distance, and after a moment the bow-wah emerged, muttering something, and disappeared into the courtyard. More sounds of voices, the murmur of bass voices of men and from another direction —suddenly—an unnecessary reminder of the double duty he must perform—the light laughter of a woman, somewhere past curtains and wooden screens in the mysterious region of upstairs.

But the voice of the woman was not that of Constance Masterson. It was full throated and loud and contrary to the example and teachings of the Prophet who counselled restraint even in laughter.

Meanwhile, as no one came to the mandara to meet him, Jessup took note of all his surroundings, the doors, windows and figured out the probable location of the stairway to the harem and other parts of the house on the side of the courtyard. He glanced out through the oriel beside him at Dawson sitting on the mastabah solemnly smoking with the bow-wah, but keeping a watchful eye on the door through which Jessup had entered and an attentive ear for the first sound of a disturbance, for this was the signal which meant that Dawson was to put the porter out of business and then rush indoors to Jessup's assistance.

More moments passed and Jessup still sat alone. He became a little reckless. What if von Henzel had gotten wind of his plans! Impossible. He reassured himself quite calmly. The last Conrad von Hengel had seen of him was when he had been struck down in the sanctuary of the Mosque of Hasaneyn. Jessup must be the last person that he would expect to find in the house of Hassan Isar. The disguise he wore was complete. He was of about the same build as Connelly and could simulate his voice. And there was not the least chance of his being recognized in this house—except by von Hengel. And if von Hengel came near enough to recognize him!

Jessup was just beginning to think that it was about time he started on an independent scouting expedition through the house when the Sheykh of El-Azhar silently appeared. Jessup rose and gave him greeting and the sheykh made response. Jessup then pointed to his breast and uttered Connelly's name. In the same breath mentioning that of von Hengel.

Hassan Isar came forward sedately and motioned to Jessup to be seated upon the deewan, speaking at once in excellent English.

"The person you seek, is, I regret to say, at the moment, busy. I am requested to ask you to wait, a matter of twenty minutes." And then, shrewdly, "You have had no difficulties?"

"No," muttered Jessup. "I deserted this morning. They suspected nothing. But they may now."

"You were not pursued, then?"

"Not so far as I know. But I knew I'd be safe here."

He listened intently, his hearing strained to catch the slightest sound. There were other voices now somewhere above him scarcely audible—a man's and a woman's, in controversy, but he made nothing of it.

The sounds recurred and he listened again. He made out the soft shuffle of bare feet on marble, and the staccato tap of shoes. And yet he could not be certain. The conversation ceased, began again, and then stopped altogether, but in its place another sound, the rapid moving of footsteps, a deep sigh and then silence. He was beginning to believe that in his eagerness his imagination had played him a trick.

The Sheykh examined him through half-closed eyes.

"Ah, yes. I hope so. But we can only reckon the danger by the splendor of our mission."

Jessup hesitated a moment. "He's got it? Here?" he asked.

"The Kaba is in safe keeping," said Hassan calmly.

"That is good. And we leave soon?"

"At once. It is very lucky that you have arrived tonight. The Sheykh Omar plans to leave within an hour."

"Ah," said Alan carelessly. "I'm glad to get away. I'll be shot if they catch me."

"There will be no danger."

The Sheykh paused at the recurrence of the low murmur of voices from the room above, and Alan looked up in the direction from which they now seemed to come. There was a wooden grille just above the door through which the Sheykh had entered, partly concealed by a silken hanging, but through the opening he seemed to see dim shadows moving. The voices were whispering now, tensely, straining, but as before no word could be distinguished.

Sheykh Hassan marked his visitor's eager expression and smiled.

"It is nothing, Effendi. When one has women in one's house, peace sometimes flies out at the window."

Alan smiled and nodded to conceal his interest in those sounds, sure that if von Hengel didn't come down in a very few moments he was going up the stairs that he could just see in the hallway beyond and try to find him.

"Women are the devil, ain't they, Sheykh?" he ventured.

The Sheykh smiled sagely. "The Prophet was wise when he said"——

A smothered cry broke the quiet of the room. Both men leaped to their feet. At the same moment a stream of fire darted from the wooden screen above and Alan felt his headdress twitched suddenly as though some one had given it a pull. As he sprang for the doorway the Sheykh tried to intercept him, but he gave the old man a push that sent him whirling upon the deewan. At the same moment he heard again a stifled feminine voice calling his name.

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To Be Continued Next Sunday.

The Skeleton of a 70-Foot Zeuglodon, Showing the Gigantic Serpentine Tail—Restored by Professor James W. Gidley and on Exhibition at the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.

Bones of an Ancient Sea Serpent Found in Louisiana

Why Science Believes That These Prehistoric Monsters May Still Be Living Far Down in the Ocean s Depths

By Dr. W. H. Ballou, Sc. D.,
American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists.

THE recent discovery in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, of the complete skeleton of an ancient sea serpent ninety feet long, and the remarkable similarity of this fossil's outlines to the descriptions by mariners of monsters they asserted were seen by them in modern times, is another confirmatory factor to scientists that in the depths of ocean today there really may be sea serpents.

The bones found in Louisiana belonged to a creature called Zeuglodon, and close beside it was found another very interesting fragment. It was a vertebra from the enormous tail of another Zeuglodon, and imbedded in it was the tooth of a gigantic shark. Bridging the abyss of the ages this relic of the immemorial past gave the excavators a vivid picture of a combat from three to five millions of years ago. They could reconstruct in their imaginations the enormous, snake-like cetacean being attacked by the giant shark that was its only real danger. They could see the shark crunching down with its ponderous jaws into the Zeuglodon's tail; could see that formidable weapon striking in agony at its destroyer, and with one blow hurling the shark, broken and battered, far away and with such force that one of the gripping teeth broke off in the backbone. And then the Zeuglodon, mortally hurt, sinking dying through the waters, to rest upon the ocean bottom that centuries after was to be covered by a fertile southern field.

Almost coincident with these finds was the reported discovery of a fragment of a snake-like sea monster cast up near North Cape on the Norwegian coast.

This fragment was twenty feet long, six feet wide, leathery skinned and beautifully cylindrical. From these and authenticated observation—notably those of Dr. William Sharp on the Emerald, between Madeira and St. Thomas, in 1906, by voyagers on Lord Crawford's yacht the Valhalla, in the same year; the monster seen from the H. M. S. Daedalus, in 1848; and other off the coast of Maine in 1851, a full description of which appears in the records of the time, and other narratives—we may now place the sea serpent, as a survival of that prehistoric monster which science names the Zeuglodon, and whose remains are found in the greatest profusion among the fossil beds of southern Louisiana.

Louisiana, which was at the time the fossils were deposited entirely under sea, seems, in fact, to have been the main breeding place of this particular monster.

Zeuglodon, which means yoke tooth, is also catalogued basilosaurus, which means whale-like king lizard, but this term is hardly fitting, as Zeuglodon was, and is, no lizard at all. He was a true cetacean. He had no remotest connection with the reptilean family, and Mrs. Zeuglodon nursed her babies approximately as the mammals do to-day—at the breast. The fossil remains show that these creatures averaged a length of from seventy to a hundred feet.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Zeuglodon had any structural characteristics which might encourage them to enter any zoological beauty show of their time. In fact, they were all out of proportion.

Zeuglodon's head was about four feet long, and the actual body, or what we would call in humans the torso, and in harmony with the head, was only about ten feet long and from six to eight feet through at the biggest part. But it rapidly tapered away into a tail of from fifty to seventy-five feet in length. This tail ended in flukes like a whale's, and had the quality of twisting, curving and turning with true serpentine facility.

Here, in its appearance as we learn it from the fossils, we have a convincing parallel to the description of the monster seen from the Daedalus. "Small head, a barrel-like body behind it, and the outlines of an enormously long tapering tail."

The same barrel, or cask-like shape, is noted in the narratives of the monster seen off the coast of Maine in 1851. In "Our First Century," an interesting volume dealing with the noteworthy occurrences of the republic between 1778 and 1875, appears this description:

"From all this testimony there seems to be no doubt, reasonable or plausible, of the existence of a sea serpent of some eighty to one hundred feet in length and of the size of a large barrel or cask.

"Indeed, so great was the sensation created by the movements of the monster so repeatedly seen by so many witnesses and described by them with such detail and concurrence, that the Linnaean Society of Boston appointed a committee of eminent scientific gentlemen to collect evidence on giving in detail the depositions of numerous witnesses who saw the creature on shore or at sea, some of them from a distance of only ten yards. According to these witnesses, the monster was from eighty to ninety feet in length, his head usually carried about two feet above water, of a dark brown color, the body with thirty or more protuberances, compared by some to four-gallon kegs, by others to a string of buoys, and called by several persons bunches on the back, motion very rapid, faster than that of a whale, swimming a mile and three minutes, and sometimes more."

The effect of "protuberances or buoys" was undoubtedly produced by the submerged rapid motions of the long and sinuous tail, which rapidly coiling and uncoiling like a spring would, in showing above the waves, produce such an effect through muscular contraction and expansion. The fact that eye-witnesses mention a huge barrel-like body behind the head is extraordinarily significant.

As in all these descriptions we have practically an approximation of the scientific description of Zeuglodon, and as the fragment cast up near North Cape corresponds to both, it is certainly not overstepping the bounds of scientific probability to assert that the sea serpent and Zeuglodon are one and the same creature.

The method of its survival is one, of course, largely of conjecture and the weighing up of scientific probabilities. But we can construct an extremely probable hypothesis from its habits, as betrayed by its fossil remains, by their location and, last, by what we know of the contour of the Atlantic Ocean at that time and as it is now.

Within its elongated snout and jaws were firmly set sharp, grasping and cutting teeth. The incisors were conical and the molar teeth had triangular serrated crowns placed in the jaw on two long roots. Each molar had the appearance of being composed of two separate teeth united on one side by their crowns. It is from this yoke formation of its molars that the cetacean has been burdened with the name of Zeuglodon.

Just back of the monster's head was a pair of short paddles, and Schuchert discovered that at the end of the bony where the tail began there were tiny legs hidden beneath the thick hide. The ribs were similar to the ribs of the manatee, or sea cow, and the shoulder blades differed very little from the shoulder blades of a whale. From the character of his teeth, the Zeuglodon was predatory and pugnacious, with the reputation of a first-class fighter among his paleontological neighbors. It is sure that he sought the greatest depths of the sea, like the sperm whale of to-day, to feast upon squids and other small things—thus varying the surface of diet that his teeth allowed him to enjoy.

It has been said that Louisiana, from the number of deposits found there, seems to have been the breeding place of this creature. At that time—that is, the time the fossils were deposited — geologists agree that the ocean which covered Louisiana extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea, and reached from the very ancient eastern mountains to the rocky range of the west, which was slowly rising from the settling flood at the rate of a few inches every century or so.

The great enemy of the Zeuglodon was a gigantic shark, known as Carcharodon megalodon. This shark is generally admitted to have been the tyrant of the Miocene Ocean, some paleontologists going so far as to contend that it was doubtless the exterminator of Zeuglodon and any of the mosasaurs and plesiosaurs which might have remained over as time's relics from the earlier Mesozoic era.

Carcharodon and Zeuglodon were Louisiana products in the true sense of the word, as both monsters have left mute but eloquent evidence of their once strenuous existence in the tertiary strata, so easily upturned in Catahoula Parish. There they found together in the gravel pits near Harrisonburg, one of the great teeth of the shark embedded in a section of Zeuglodon's caudal vertebrae. This would indicate that the monsters, having joined in single combat, died fighting, fitting termination to the predatory days of such hideous champions.

It is reasonable to suppose that the Zeuglodon's habit of going into the greater depths of the ocean for dainty food may have been the reason for its survival today in the shape of a sea serpent. Into such depths the shark, his enemy, could not follow, and gradually the monster would adapt itself to living within the abyss and appear only occasionally when driven to the surface by sickness or by some sub-oceanic disturbance. This would account for the rare appearance of it and would also account for the continuance of the species, because in the dark, silent, unroubled waters miles below the surface its list of enemies would be negligible.

Furthermore, as the bed of ocean arose to the southward it would seek the vast depressions at the north, and this is probably why its appearance has been reported almost solely in the higher latitudes.

To quote again from "Our First Century" on another appearance of the sea serpent in which the description given by the observers tallies with that which we know of the Zeuglodon, especially the small head:

"But that the existence of the American sea serpent is not a 'local trumped-up wonder' will further appear from the account given by a party of five English officers, which sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, in a small yacht, for Mahone Bay, forty miles westward, on a fishing excursion, and whose testimony is unanimous and unreserved relative to this monarch of the tribes of the deep.

"According to the statement published in the Zoologist, of the experiences of this party of officers; they had run about half the distance intended, as they supposed, and were enjoying themselves on deck, smoking cigars and getting their tackle ready for the contemplated campaign against the salmon, when, what was the party's surprise, to see an immense shoal of grampuses, appearing to be in an unusual state of excitement, and which, in their gambols, approached so close to the yacht that some of the company amused themselves by firing at them with rifles. At this time the boat was logging on at about five miles an hour and was crossing Margaret's Bay. Their attention was presently diverted from the grampuses and 'such small deer,' by an exclamation from the man-of-war's-man, who was sitting to leeward, of 'Oh! sirs, look here!' They were startled into a ready compliance with the excited summons, and at once saw an object which banished all other feelings save wonder and surprise.

"At a distance of some one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards on the starboard bow of the little craft they saw the head and neck of some denizen of the deep—precisely like those of a common snake—in the act of swimming, the head so far elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the neck as to enable the observers to see the water under and beyond it. The creature passed along rapidly, leaving a regular wake, from the commencement of which to the fore part, which was out of water, the length seemed to be about eighty feet—certainly not less than this. They were, of course, all taken aback at the sight, and with staring eyes and in speechless wonder stood gazing at it for full half a minute, all being perfectly satisfied that they had been favored with a view of the true and veritable sea serpent, which by many was regarded as existing only in the brain of some Yankee skipper, and treated as a tale not much entitled to belief. The man-of-war's-man's exclamation was characteristic as well as pertinent—'Well, I've sailed in all parts of the world, and have seen sum sights, too, in my time, but this is the queerest thing I ever see!'"

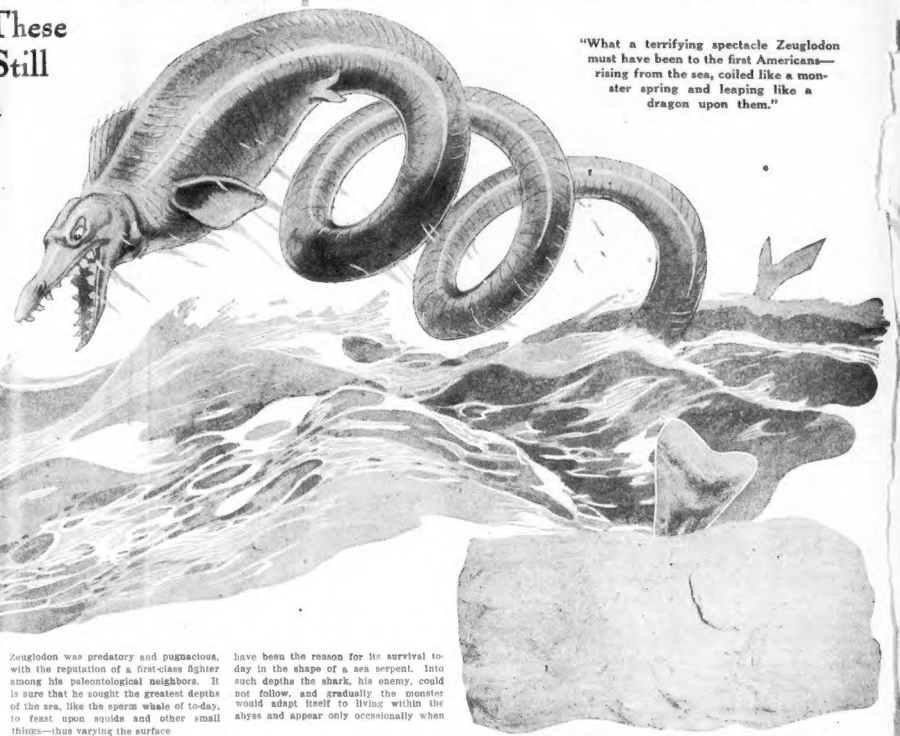
The difficulty of giving correctly the dimensions of any object in the water is well-known. The head of the creature was by this party set down at about six feet in length, and that portion of the neck which was visible at the same; the apparent extreme length, at between eighty and a hundred feet. The thickness of the neck equalled the trunk of a moderate sized tree. The color of the head and neck was a dark brown, nearly approaching to black, streaked in an irregular manner with white.

There is little doubt that in other sections of the world and in caverns there are still other monstrous survivals of earth's early experimental stages.

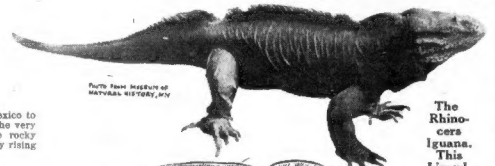
The giant prehistoric monsters of the past did not become extinct suddenly, as the distant past. They passed gradually, at various epochs and some of them were in existence in historic times.

Science has found that that amazing creature, the giant sloth, many times larger than an elephant, lived in company with prehistoric man in South America. The dodo and the great auk were alive in recent times.

In the great depths of the ocean there are conditions for the survival of forgotten or unknown monstrous forms of life that do not occur on the surface of the earth



"What a terrifying spectacle Zeuglodon must have been to the first Americans—rising from the sea, coiled like a monster spring and leaping like a dragon upon them."



Section of an Eighty-Foot Zeuglodon's Tail Vertubrae with the Tooth of a Giant Shark Embedded on It. This Interesting Relic of Millions of Years Ago Was Found in the Gravel Pits of Catahoula Parish, Louisiana.

The Rhinoceros Iguana. This Lizard, Unlike Zeuglodon, Adopted Itself to Changing Environment with the Result That from a Thirty-Foot Monster It Shrunk Into the Size Shown, Retaining, However, Most of the Characteristics and Appearance of Its Huge Ancestors.

The Skull of the Ancient "Sea Serpent" Zeuglodon. It Is Five Feet Long and Is Now in the U. S. Museum National Museum at Washington.

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Health, Beauty And The Home

Starting the Year Right

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO one thing will do more to assist the entire family to be thrifty in face of higher living costs than the keeping of an account book. "But I don't like to bother with figures," say so many women. And yet surely these women will see that it is necessary to handle a few figures in order to know exactly where the money goes and what it is being spent for.

The right idea is to follow what is called the "budget plan," which apportions money in advance of actual spending. The budget is merely a chart or outline saying just what part of the income should be spent in a certain way. Now every income has to cover the following classes of expenditures:

1. Rent or shelter (taxes, carfare to work, insurance, repair).
2. Food (taken at home or bought out of it).
3. Operating (fuel, light, laundry, service, housefurnishings, etc.).
4. Clothing (materials, sewing, repair and original cost).
5. Higher life (periodicals, education, toilet articles, amusements).
6. Savings and investments.

The per cent of the income that must be spent for each division will depend on the size of the income, but in general it may be said that for all incomes from $600 to $2,000 the following proportion holds good:

Rent, 20 per cent; food, 25 per cent; operating, 15 per cent; clothing, 15 per cent; higher life, 15 per cent; savings, 10 per cent.

For example, a family having an income of $100 per month would spend $20 for rent, $25 for food, $15 for coal, light, laundry, etc.; $15 for clothing and higher life for the woman, $10. A family earning $80 a month would spend $16 for rent, $20 for food, $12 each for their fuel, clothing and higher life and save $8.

Even under the abnormal conditions due to war it is possible to keep within normal spending by economy and thrifttul management. Here is where the account book comes in as first aid to the budget keeper. She can buy for 50 cents at any stationery store a "family expense book" with ruled columns. Each of these columns is headed groceries, meats, light, laundry, clothing, carfare, etc. If the printed columns are not headed exactly right the housewife herself can write in those that are most useful in her particular family.

Let us suppose that the housewife is going to "turn over a new leaf" and begin January 1 to start the new year right. After paying the December bills she may have left $3.50 in her purse. Now let her take her account book and in the column marked "cash received" write down $3.50 and also the income for the month to come—that is, say $100. In other words, she may start the new year with $103.50.

As she spends money each day she enters the sums spent in the proper columns in her book. For instance, in one morning's shopping she might spend for meat 57 cents; for groceries, $1.12; for sewing supplies, 42 cents; for drugs, 25 cents. When she comes home it is only a moment's matter to write down these sums in the columns where they belong. Then at the end of the month it will take about half an hour to add up what she spent on all items.

The sum she has left in her pocketbook, plus what she spent, should equal the original $103.50 she started the month with.

"But I don't spend all the money; my husband pays for the coal and the light and the insurance," says one woman. Yes, under the budget system, no matter who pays the bills, the sum paid out is entered in the one account book. In most cases it is best for the husband to take each week the sum necessary to cover his carfare, lunches, etc., so as not to make it too much of a burden for him to count every penny while traveling, etc. But since the housewife keeps the book it is her duty to enter the totals of the sales slips and bills, and be sure that all entries are made.

"What do you think of a household allowance or a personal allowance for the woman in the home?" is a question that has been asked the author many times. It is her personal feeling that any kind of "allowance" is degrading, in that it somehow forbids her right to enter into the responsibility and share in the management of the entire finances. We give children allowances because they are not intelligent enough to manage otherwise. But it would seem a higher compliment to the woman in the home to allow her to share in all the expenditures. Especially if the budget plan is used there need be no "allowance," because together both husband and wife plan what they must allow for every expenditure.

"But how can I save in these hard times?" It is true that prices have greatly increased; but, nevertheless, economy and better management will keep the income within the proportions spent before. Frequently money has actually slipped out of a pocketbook, or was foolishly spent because a woman has allowed her expenditures to be uncontrolled. Or, again, because it did not know what it was spending, the family overstepped its income or saved nothing.

The author has over and over again started household account books for busy women. She has shown that keeping an account is only a matter of a few moments each day or a half-hour each month, and that simple figures need not "bother" any woman. Indeed, if each woman could realize that she would save anywhere from 50 cents to $10 per month because of keeping a household account, would she not do so? Yet it is not too strong to say that the use of a simple ruled book would do exactly this.

Every homemaker should have a desk or small table developed into a business corner. Here she may keep her account book and the simple filing case, alphabetically arranged, to contain her receipts, etc. A bill book costing 10 cents will prove valuable in saving sales checks, etc., until she has time to enter them. Here, also, she may keep her small card index of important household information, such as has been described here before.

A little place of this kind, especially if there is a comfortable rocker near, would do much to give her the means of keeping the account book and devoting a few minutes daily to it.

The book mentioned costs 50 cents and can be bought at stationery stores. Or, the woman herself can make only by simply ruling any 10-cent notebook in columns and heading the columns according to the different items of her budget.

The small amount of effort put into the following of such a system will more than repay in satisfaction in more perfect understanding between husband and wife on money matters and in actual money saved.

"Remove the powder and dust by wiping the face with a bit of cotton dipped in this soothing mixture."

Photograph Posed by MISS GRACE DARLING at CAMPBELL STUDIO

Beauty's Dressing Table

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

EVERY woman who gives her complexion the right care has to spend many hours at her dressing table. This should be low, so that you can sit before it with comfort. It should also be wide and long and flat, so that it may hold all of those accessories of the toilet which a woman wants within reach as she sits before her mirror.

It should have a large mirror, and a good one—a just mirror, but a merciful one that will reveal every blemish, but will not exaggerate it. The faults of our faces trouble us enough without being exaggerated by our mirrors. Money spent for a good mirror will yield you a good return in honestly showing how you can look. If you know exactly how you look you can build upon that knowledge a new and better appearance.

Be sure that your mirror is in a reliable place, where it will have the best light in the room. This should be opposite, if possible, but certainly near to the window. The best light for writing is the best light for dressing. The light should fall over the left shoulder. Arrange your electric lights, or candles or lamps, or gas jets, or whatever are your lighting facilities, so that the light will fall in that direction. Don't dress by a poor light any more than you would read or write by a poor light.

The mirror should be as large as possible and should be adjustable. Attached to supports on the table it should be easily swung back and forth, according to the angle of view you wish to get upon yourself.

Even if the table be of the plainest sort of home manufacture, the table and the mirror frame should be, preferably, of white. Because the most exquisite effect of daintiness and cleanliness is given by a white table and a mirror frame.

Some young women have a fancy for draping their dressing tables in muslin or silk tied back with ribbons, or in silk finished by tassels of the same shade, which is possibly selected to match the curtains at the windows and the draperies of the bed.

For myself I prefer the white painted or enameled dressing table to any other. Draperies are elegant, and sometimes artistic in effect, but I always see their other significance—that of dust traps. So, in furnishing my room, I try to put the money into rich woods and rugs, and shun draperies.

On most dressing tables we see a brush and comb. This is the worst possible place for them. Perhaps they are there merely for ornament, to complete a handsome ivory, or silver, or gold set, and give the spectator a sense of the completeness of the table furnishings. But the discriminating woman will not need to be told that the comb and brush that are in use should be kept carefully in a drawer of the dressing table.

My lady's toilet table should also be furnished with a tray or box containing her manicure utensils. The orange wood stick should be ready for cleansing the nails and pushing back the skin that is anxious to encroach upon the nails.

In a drawer there should be a little powdered pumice stone. When the daily scrutiny reveals dark stains upon or between the teeth, apply this pumice stone by dipping an orange wood stick or a hard, round toothpick into it and gently rubbing with this the stained surface.

In a flask on the toilet table there should be a little peroxide of hydrogen. A package of medicated cotton should be conveniently at hand. This is not to "touch up the hair" as you may think, but to serve two worthier purposes. The orange wood stick, wrapped around with a bit of cotton and dipped into the peroxide, will quickly cleanse the end of the nail that has been darkened by dust and grime. The peroxide is also valuable for a gargle, or to give the mouth one of the frequently necessary baths.

To keep the face cleansed from dust keep always a bottle of olive oil and a companion bottle of witch hazel on your dressing table or toilet table.

Before going out pass a bit of cotton or a piece of soft linen that has been moistened in the oil over the face. Protect the face still further by dusting it with rice powder.

Returning from out of doors remove the powder and dust by wiping the face with a bit of cotton dipped in this soothing mixture: Olive oil, 2 ounces; almond oil, ½ ounce; tincture of benzoin, 20 drops.

One of the toilet bottles on my dressing table I always keep filled with a camphor essence, which is soothing, if you have a headache; and another I keep filled with a borax water. This is extremely tranquilizing when the face is fevered, and is always grateful and healing to the skin.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR THE "LITTLE TOT" (2679). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

LADIES' COVER ALL APRON (2357). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A SMART STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL (2681). Cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

A UNIQUE WAIST DESIGN (2689). Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT (2698). Cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3¼ yards of 42-inch material.

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Tested Cooking Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

Foamy Sauce.

CREAM ⅛ cup butter and add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 well-beaten egg and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat constantly while heating over hot water.

Horseradish Sauce.

MIX 3 tablespoons grated horseradish root, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. Fold in 4 tablespoons of cream beaten stiff.

Sugarless Chocolate Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butterine, add 1 cup maple syrup gradually and add 1 well-beaten egg. Mix and sift 1¼ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon soda and 2 tablespoons cocoa. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with ¾ cup milk to the first mixture. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat thoroughly and bake in small greased tins for 30 minutes.

Oxtail Soup.

CUT an oxtail in small pieces, dredge in a little flour and fry in a little butterine until nicely browned. Add 5 cups of brown stock or water and simmer about 2 hours. Parboil 1 cup of diced carrots, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup of diced turnips and ½ cup sliced onion about 5 minutes. Then, drain and add to the stock. Cook until vegetables are tender and add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Continue cooking 10 minutes and serve hot.

Potato Outlets.

CUMSINE 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup ground boiled soy beans, 2 sweet red peppers, finely chopped, 1 cup bread crumbs, ½ cup tomato juice and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and shape into outlets. Dip in beaten egg which has been slightly diluted with water, roll in bread crumbs, place on a greased pan and brown in a moderate oven. Serve with pimento, green pepper or horseradish sauce.

Horseradish Hollandaise.

WASH ½ cup butterine and divide in 3 pieces; put 1 piece in a saucepan with ½ tablespoon vinegar and 3 egg yolks. Set the saucepan in larger pan of hot water and stir vigorously until thick. Then add a second piece of butterine, and, as it thickens, add the third piece. When sufficiently thick, add ¼ teaspoon salt and cayenne to taste. Add ¼ cup grated horseradish root. If the sauce curdles add ½ tablespoon cream and beat with an egg beater until smooth.

Potato Loaf.

MIX 2 cups mashed potatoes, 4 tablespoons finely minced onion, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper or pimiento, ½ cup canned tomato, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup ground parched peanuts and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Turn into a greased baking dish and dot with melted butter or drippings. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes.

Pumpkin Pie.

MIX 1½ cups steamed and strained pumpkin with 2-3 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk and ½ cup cream. Turn into a conservation pastry crust and bake until firm.

Brisket Pot Roast.

REMOVE small pieces of fat from 3 pounds of beef brisket. Try out the fat in a frying pan. Dredge the meat with flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in the fat. Put meat and bits of fried out fat and drippings with 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup of diced carrots, 1 sliced onion and ½ bayleaf in an old-fashioned iron Dutch oven or a fireless cooker vessel. Cook over night in fireless cooker. If cooked on the stove, cook very slowly about 4 hours. When ready to serve, add more seasoning if necessary.

Old-Fashioned Plum Pudding.

MIX the following ingredients very thoroughly: 1 pound raisins, 1 pound currants, 1 pound finely chopped suet, 1 pound bread crumbs, ½ cup cider, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 pound sugar, ½ pound shredded citron, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 5 eggs and, if desired, 1 cup of chopped nuts. Place in greased baking powder cans, filling them two-thirds full. Place on trivets in boiler and boil slowly all day. Longer cooking will sometimes improve the pudding.

Cheese Cakes.

SCALD 1 cup sweet milk with 1 cup sour milk and strain through cheese cloth. Add 1 cup sugar, 4 egg yolks slightly beaten, the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and ½ teaspoon salt to the curd of the milk. Line patty pans with conservation pastry, fill with the mixture, sprinkle with blanched and chopped almonds and bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm.

Economical Menus for the Week

MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	SUNDAY.
Breakfast.	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*
Apple Sauce.	Chopped Dates	Stewed Prunes,	Cereal,	Grapefruit.	Baked Apples,	Fruit,
Rice Omelet,	in Cereal.	Oatmeal,	Sliced Bananas,	Poached Eggs.	Quick Sally Lunn.	Scrambled Eggs
Muffins.	Fruit Jam.	Coffee.	Muffins,	Coffee.	Coffee,	Muffins,
Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon.*	Eggs,	*Luncheon.*	*Dinner.*	Coffee.
Luncheon.	*Luncheon.*	Sliced Cold	Coffee.	Cheese Souffle,	Rice Croquettes,	*Dinner.*
Sliced Tongue,	Fried Oysters,	Beef Heart,	*Luncheon.*	Cream Sauce.	Creamy Sauce.	Cream of
Spanish Sauce,	Cabbage Salad.	Scalloped	Cream of	Apple Salad,	Whole Wheat	Tomato Soup,
Boiled Rice,	Rolls.	Potatoes,	Potato Soup,	Tea.	Muffins,	Chicken
Gingerbread,	Coffee.	Sliced Fruit,	Croutons,	*Dinner.*	Prunes Stewed with	Fricasseed
Tea.	*Dinner.*	Tea.	Tea.	Cream of Pea	Dried Peaches,	Steamed Rice,
Dinner.	Lettuce Soup,	*Dinner.*	*Dinner.*	Soup,	*Dinner.*	Candied
Cream of	Stuffed Beef's	Cream of	Onion Soup,	Fish Stew.	Oyster Soup,	Sweet Potatoes,
Turnip Soup,	Heart.	Beet Soup,	Rabbit	French Potato	Baked Beans.	Cocoanut and
Boiled Fish,	Brown Gravy,	Smothered Steak,	in Casserole,	Balls,	Tomato Sauce,	Loganberry Jelly,
Mock Hollandaise,	Boiled Potatoes,	Browned	Boiled Rice,	Lettuce and	Lettuce Salad,	Coffee.
Boiled Potatoes,	Buttered Beets,	Potatoes,	Lettuce Salad,	Celery Salad,	Apricot Pudding,	*Supper.*
Lettuce Salad,	Emergency Salad,	Fruit Jelly,	Steamed Pudding,	Bread Crumb	Coffee.	Hot Chicken
Loganberry Jelly,	Caramel Rice	Custard Sauce,	Liquid Sauce,	Lemon Pies,	Cocoa.	Sandwiches,
Coffee.	Pudding.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.		Cocoa.

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Neck Fashions

By Lady Duff-Gordon

This Neckband Fulfills One of the Canons of Art in Dress. It Seems to Serve a Purpose—to Fasten the Turban.

A Wide Veil Is Compressed and Bound About the Brow and Neck and Thinly Draped About the Shoulders.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

THE poetry that inheres in the veil the fashionable woman is now applying to her neck. Not the poetry alone, but the mystery.

Lightly swathing the neck, she believes, adds yet more to its creamy tint, its marble-like purity and firmness, or lends those qualities to the neck that has them not. This Winter at the theatre or opera or at balls or banquets given in aid of reconstruction or in celebration of war victories, we see more of the scarf-like draperies about the neck than ever before.

I show you here three of the treatments I consider most successful of the neck with the poetic, the inscrutable, the ever-beautiful veil. I call your attention to the large, left-hand figure. You see here a fillet and scarf generously used. The wide veil is compressed and bound about the brow, wound about the head, crossed and drawn down about the neck in its narrow form. Reaching the shoulders, it is draped thinly about the shoulders, breast and back.

The upper right-hand figure displays a neckband whose chief purpose is to fasten the large turban made of voluminous folds of the same material. Peach colored chiffon of more than the usual weight and heavier than the ordinary texture, is used for the turban and neckband.

At the lower right hand you see a third treatment of the neck veiling. This is a harem veil drawn across the face from the tip of the nose and peak of the chin to the back of the head, where it is crossed and fastened to the hair by a Chinese hair ornament.

A Harem Veil Is Here Utilized as Drapery for the Neck.